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CURRENT COMMENTS

By Derek Walker-Smith

February, 1937

Politics and the Real Issue

EACH month reinforces the doubt, which is in the minds of the thinking part of the population, as to how far the politics of the day represent the real issue with which this country is faced. The political conceptions of to-day are, in the main, pre-War. That is to say they form the superstructure to that basis of assured prosperity, almost of effortless superiority, which was this country's proud possession in the nineteenth century. The luxury of this possession made politics a pleasant thing, for they were the politics of abundance. The problem was, or appeared to be, for the most part, that of the best distribution of great resources for the well-living of the mass of the population. It was this theory of the distributive function of politics, which animated, perhaps unconsciously, the political programmes of pre-War years. That mentality is with us still. But we are forced to ask the question : can circumstances any longer justify it ?

The Export Trade

IT is becoming increasingly evident that our immediate problem is not so much to live well, as to live at all. There are two facets of the National situation which bring this home to us. The first is national security ; the second is the real economic position of the country, as evidenced not so much by the impermanent conditions of the Stock Exchange, as by the basic position of our industries on

which ultimately those conditions must rest. The position as revealed in South Wales is certainly not one for complacency. The South Wales Trade Recovery and Expansion Committee, recently formed under the Chairmanship of Sir Robert Horne, with the object of suggesting to the Government remedial measures for the alleviation of the distress existing in South Wales as a result of the decline in export coal trade, and other local industries.

Published figures of great interest, tell a story of really first importance. The total shipments of coal from the United Kingdom as cargo to foreign destinations in 1935 was 15,373,500 tons, which represents a figure no less than 28.4 per cent. below the average shipments for the four years 1927–1932. The loss to South Wales alone was 7,369,000 tons, which represents a decline of 48 per cent. In 1936, until the end of September, there is a further loss of 2,094,000 tons. This decline in the export of coal has naturally had a proportionate effect on the shipping industry, and it is estimated that the number of ships piloted in and out of the principal South Wales ports in 1935 was 50 per cent. less than the corresponding figure for 1913. A further disquieting factor is that in 1935 no fewer than 55 per cent. of these ships were foreign.

Germany and South Wales

PERHAPS the most significant figures to which the Committee draw attention, however, are those which mark the contrast between the position of the Coal Export Trade in Germany and that obtaining in South Wales. Where exports from this country have declined, those from Germany have increased. During the eleven months January to November, 1936, the exports of coal from Germany were greater by 1,600,000 metric tons than they were in the corresponding period in 1935, which represented an increase over the corresponding figure of 1935 of no less than 5,700,000 metric tons. In South Wales a similar comparison shows that the export of coal was less in 1936 than in 1935 by 2,500,000 tons and less than in 1934 to the extent of 2,700,000 tons. When the position is considered in detail it is found that only to France, Scandinavia

and the Baltics, and South America, was the export of coal greater from the Bristol Channel ports in 1936 than it was in 1935. With Germany, there is again a very different story to tell. Their export of coal in 1935 was greater to all countries, except South America and to Italy and her Colonies, than it was in 1935, while it is greater in every case than it was in 1934. The fact is, of course, that by constant effort Germany has supplanted this country in many of the coal markets of the world. It is not that there is anything wrong with the quality of British coal. Indeed, it was gratifying recently to observe that the manager of the port of Oslo has decreed that all vessels lying at the quays of the port shall in future use only Cardiff coal, because it is feared that the smoke from other coal would have the effect of blackening the municipal buildings.

Is Quality Enough ?

BUT it is an uphill struggle for quality to wage. The German method is the time-honoured method of capturing markets, that of price-cutting. The price-cutting has been rendered possible by State subsidies for the German Coal Industry, directed to this end ; and the figures which have been quoted show to what extent that policy has been successful. How is this situation to be met ? We are not in this Journal enamoured of the idea of Government subsidies. There was more than a little in the old Free Trade argument that the granting of subsidies bred inefficiency and industry. But it has been pointed out before in these columns that the traditional Conservative economic policy was to restrain Government interference with the day-to-day conduct of industry, but to look to the Government to assist in creating those conditions in which the conduct of industry could best be carried on. It was in accordance with this doctrine that the Conservative party adopted and carried into execution a policy of Protection. Protection was necessary in this country because of the action of foreign Governments in regard to industry. Now Germany and Russia have

chosen to subsidize their coal export trade. To meet this situation there is certainly a case for the Government of this country to consider.

Co-operation in the Building Industry

But it must be emphasized that this is an exceptional case. Industry must, in normal circumstances, rely on its own efforts for its own salvation. There is nothing less healthy for the economic life of the nation than that: either those who manage industry, or those who are engaged in it, should be perpetually looking to the Government for assistance or intervention. When this is done, the fate is generally the same as that of the Turks who called in the Jannissaries; they were asked to help, and they stayed to rule. An industry which cannot in ordinary circumstances manage its affairs without recourse to Government interference is doomed ultimately to feel the dead hand of nationalization and bureaucracy. The truth of this seems to be apparent to the minds of those who guide the conduct of the building industry. It is encouraging to find in the building industry practical application of many of the industrial and political ideals for which *The English Review* stands. There is in the building industry machinery for a close co-operation of all crafts, employers and operatives alike, within the industry. Wages in the building industry, which employs over a million insured work people—more male labour than any other industry in the country—have, since the national joint agreement of 1924, been regulated by the National Joint Council, representative of all sides of the building industry. Wages are regulated on a sliding scale varying in accordance with changes in the cost of living. The result has been a very high degree of success in the great task of maintaining peace in industry, for there has been no major strike in the industry since 1924. In February, consequent upon the rise in the cost of living in the last twelve months, by the decision of the National Joint Council the wages of craftsmen are to be raised by a halfpenny an hour, and those of labourers in proportion.

Maintaining Standards

NOR has the building industry confined its attention solely to the internal regulation of those concerned in the industry. All who are interested in maintaining standards in this country will welcome the formation of the National Housing Standards Board, which has evolved from within the industry itself. The aim of the scheme is to eliminate the jerry-building which has been so prevalent in this country since the War. The practical way to attack the problems of slums and bad housing is to take it, as the Board will take it, at its source. The practical steps by which the Board will proceed will include the formulation of a minimum standard specification for houses; the registration of house-builders who will undertake to build houses in conformity with this standard; the certification of houses built in accordance with the standard specification; and the establishment of a National Council to deal with the questions of registration and certification. The result of their efforts should be the protection of the house-owner from exploitation and the protection of the good house-builder from the unfair competition of those whose only objective is the slick construction of shoddy buildings with the object of making a quick profit. The building industry has also been animated by the very proper and fundamental objective of maintaining and raising the standard of their industry, and preventing private enterprise in building from falling into disrepute. Those who guide its conduct are wise enough to see that their salvation is in their own hands; if they do not maintain a worthy standard, the State will step in with all the paraphernalia of bureaucratic control.

The Real Trade Unionism

IT is very gratifying to observe an ancient industry united in its determination to preserve its standards of craftsmanship and of the quality of production. Mr. George Hicks, M.P., President of the National Federation of Building Trades Employers, has welcomed the scheme on behalf of the workers in the industry, because it is a vital step in regaining for the building industry "its old traditions o

fine building and splendid craftsmanship, worthy production, honesty, and integrity." This is the voice of real Trade Unionism, uncontaminated by the political, revolutionary, and international preoccupations of the so-called intelligentzia of the Socialist party. Socialism is alien to everything that is finest and traditional in the Trade Union movement; it is becoming increasingly the preoccupation of academic theorists and political busybodies actuated by the itch for interference, which is their compensation for a consciousness of lack of practical and executive ability. Mr. Hicks and his friends are representatives of Trade Unionism at its best: they are serving their members, they are serving their industry, and they are serving their country. The building industry is, indeed, happy in the corporate spirit which animates it, and the success which attends on it. Political Socialism is very remote from an industry such as this.

A Lesson For Us

THE country has much to learn from the example of the building industry. But, of course, it has this advantage over the export of coal, that it is not subjected to the potent if indirect interference of foreign governments. The spirit of our industry is an internal British question. Our export trade is a fight in the open. So is our national security. In order to achieve the advance of their export trade, the disciplined German nation has made great efforts and submitted to great sacrifice. They have preferred future greatness to present comfort; it is another facet of the doctrine of guns before butter. Can we in this country afford to dispense with a similar outlook?

Lean and Hungry States

THE struggle for the coal export trade is only one aspect of the grim reality of international competition of to-day. *The English Review* has never consented to participate in the anti-German scare. We like the German people and we admire their leader; but we also recognize their strength. They are not the only country that is strong, and they are not the only country that is dissatisfied. There are many lean and hungry States, as Mr.

Wyndham Lewis called them. We in this country are by comparison neither lean nor hungry ; we are the inheritors of great possessions, of extended social services, and of a high standard of life. These things cannot be preserved by goodwill and amiability alone. It would be wrong to present the spectacle of these possessions inadequately defended to the eager contemplation of the lean and hungry States. It is for us to see that our possessions and our standards are fenced around with impregnable strength so that we may avoid the sin of leading others into temptation.

In such circumstances the desirability of this country being strong is too clear to require emphasis. But it must be made clear that it is strength for peace and not for aggression, under however high sounding a title the potential aggression may be cloaked. Mr. Douglas Jerrold, in another part of this issue, makes clear beyond the possibility of doubt that the left-wing League of Nations policy, which is put forward by the mixed band under Mr. Churchill's captaincy, is the best guarantee of an early outbreak of war. It must, therefore, be understood as a condition precedent to our mobilization of our defensive equipment that it will not be used in the dangerous experiments of establishing a Left-wing "Rule of Law" in Europe. But, as Sir Charles Petrie points out in his review of Foreign Affairs this month, wars may also come, unwanted by all, but through the mistaken political tactics of other peoples. The only way to safeguard against this is to have in this country such apparent reserves of potential power as would make any action which would involve this country in war an act of suicide on the part of those who perpetrate it. This, and no less than this, is the task which confronts our Government in the sphere of national security.

War and the Civilian Population

How is this task being discharged ? As far as an outsider can judge, in the vital matter of organizing industry on a basis of national co-operation for defence, the Government, despite one or two early errors of judgment which gave cause for misgiving, seems to be working in effective co-operation with the leaders of industry. But

what of the other great branch of the problem—the human element? Here we cannot be so certain that the country is yet on the right lines. The course of another war would not be decided wholly in the air. That there would be an intensive bombardment in the early stages is certain; but the speed with which bomber planes would be eliminated by fighter planes would probably make this part of a war of short duration, however severe. The remainder of the war would be waged on land and sea, for, however destructive air attack may be, the only ultimate way of defeating an enemy is to beat his man-power in the field and occupy his territory. For this reason the importance of recruitment in this country is very real. The probability is that this country will not again require land forces of the magnitude used in the last war, for swollen armies lead only to stalemate. But it is also true that this second and decisive phase of warfare might never be reached, if the effect of the initial aerial bombardment, which would seem to be inevitable, was such as to make the further prosecution of war impossible. This is a matter largely of national morale, and closely affects the civilian population. That is why we attach special importance to General Fuller's article on another page in which he discusses the air defence of London and our great cities. General Fuller stresses the danger of panic among the civilian population in such circumstances. Anything in the nature of panic among the civilian population would have the effect of throwing the city into chaos, and paralysing both the national will to persevere and the Government's efforts to implement that will. The stoutest-hearted citizen is liable to panic, if he does not know what to do in any given set of circumstances. It is essential, therefore, that there should be no question but that the entire civilian population of the country is put in a state of preparedness against air attack. Some measure of order and discipline will, no doubt, be necessary; and to the extent that it is necessary it must be enforced, irrespective of objections by individualists to an encroachment on the liberty of the subject to die himself, cause the death of others, and the possible collapse of his country.

Strength and Salvation

We are not at the moment advocating Conscription. But it is necessary that the ideal of national service should be present to the minds of all. At the conference of University Conservatives' Associations held in January, a representative from Glasgow brought forward a proposal for Conscription. It was defeated, but nothing but good can come from raising this issue among the youth of the country. It will do no harm in the continent of Europe, if it is known that the minds of the youth of this country are seized with the necessity of national service. It is, at any rate, apparent now that obstructive tactics to the paramount necessity of national defence and preparedness can no longer be tolerated from whatever source they come and however well-intentioned may be the misguided people who lend themselves to them. Sir George Macmunn, in his review of General Fuller's book *The First of the League Wars*, on another page of this issue, uses the language of a distinguished and veteran soldier when he insists " that our kiss-Mammy ways shall stop, that mayors who hoist red rather than the National flag, and Educational Councils or clergy who impede the State in the raising of its national forces, be popped forthwith in the pond." But, metaphorically speaking, such people and politicians must be consigned to the pond of oblivion and impotence: times are too critical to admit of the luxury of cherishing vipers in the national bosom. But, let it not be for a moment thought, as it is in some quarters, that these are times for pessimism, defeatism or despair. On the contrary they are times of danger perhaps and certainly times that require vigilance and foresight. But they are times when we can reasonably exercise our optimism. For this country is still strong in its personnel, and the possessor of unparalleled resources. If we avail ourselves wisely of these, we shall never be shaken from our position. It is inconceivable that we of this country should become underlings: if we did so the fault would be in ourselves. Our salvation lies in ourselves, and is assured if we are strong to make it so.

Agricultural Notes

By Rusticus

I AM really beginning to feel that farming is on its feet again. I have just sold half my barley at 35*s*. a quarter, as against 23*s*. bid for the same sample six weeks ago. I had made up my mind to feed the barley this year and save the cake bill. After all, barley was the main feeding material before the days of cheap transport and is as capable of producing prime meat or milk as any concoction of oil-crushing refuse. It is amazing how shortage of capital and the lure of a cash crop has kept farmers mesmerized with the conveniences of a banking account at their corn merchants. I am sure this has added to our good opinion of cake and such feeding stuffs in the last thirty years. I intend to feed the rest of my barley despite the enhanced price. The margin is still in my favour, and I am determined nowadays to be as self-sufficient as possible.

Of course, the real virtue of barley lies in its contribution to farming practice over the greater part of England. It is the one cereal crop that thrives and develops strain year by year in those chalk and limestone uplands that are so typically English and have given so much to the world in the perfection of human and animal types. However, the Government has never realized these profounder truths. The clamour of the market-place, like the lure of the trading account, has diverted attention in less edifying directions. Wheat was at long last proclaimed a darling crop in 1932 and no one will gainsay the boon that the subsidy has been to British agriculture. However, one must spurn motives that have elevated cash crops for human consumption like wheat and sugar-beet (outrageously uneconomic) above the endemic crops like barley in England and oats in Scotland. How different would policy be if the land and not ourselves was wooed for the exercise of the franchise. Unfortunately the damage has been done. Most of the farmers of the old school who stood by barley in England and oats in Scotland have disappeared. I can think of several of my own neighbours who succumbed between 1922 and the Wheat Quota in 1932 and if prices are permanently to improve I wish well

with all my heart to the few survivors. I think the proudest epitaph that could be written to a farmer in my country of recent years would be: *He sowed barley on principle.* Only the day I write this paragraph I have walked over a forty-acre field, gone back to sheep-run and half-covered with thorns. I cleared half last summer and mowed it, but if one asks the oldest inhabitants about the halcyon days they recall how eagerly they awaited the barley year in the rotation of this same field and how highly was prized its famed malting sample.

However, it is no use arguing too much about proper husbandry, and nowadays we must justify all our actions on a strict basis of profit and loss. The argument must be based on my original contention that barley really does pay us to feed. It has got to satisfy the scientist and the bank manager. I therefore wish that some enterprising scientist would set to work to justify my peasant suspicion that the influence of local soil on feeding stuffs is of real importance. I believe there was an instinct wisdom in the old West Country maxim:

"Change wheat ever,
Barley never."

Barley stores up the virtue of its parent soil and certainly established itself in the past as the animal foodstuff *par excellence.*

* * *

I meant to add to my notes last month my reflections on Smithfield Show but space forbade. However, it is never too late to comment on the fat stock situation. At Islington we come face to face with the mature products of our great breeds and in an atmosphere of broad geniality (so unlike the tense commercial atmosphere of the Dairy Show) we realize the true glory of British agriculture. I myself would have liked a cut of the prize-winning Aberdeen-Shorthorn heifer, if the joint had been properly hung and dressed.

I found myself wrapped in thought as I looked down the lines. The virtues of the unfashionable breeds and the general conversation brought me to a realization of the fact that is overlooked by those who assert the arrogant

machine-age assumption that the producer must manufacture exactly what the public wants or go out of business. However possible this may be with artificial materials it is not really a possibility for the producer of natural supplies. His machinery is an animal and when that machinery has deteriorated it becomes the bane of the market. Moreover, the faulty products cannot be melted down again and reprocessed. No community, in short, can go on producing baby beef all the time, or if it wishes to do so it must stand at a price that allows for the depreciation of the commercial producers' machinery.

Immature meat is the curse of modern farming and represents a great drain on the animal population of the country. It restricts the operations of the average live stock farm and turns it into a factory for genteel joints. There is a great temptation to keep the older cows breeding until far beyond the age of making cow-beef. The heifers that should take their places go off with the steers as baby beef. In the case of ox-beef the draught ox has already become a memory. I have always heard that on my farm the best furrow ever ploughed was with oxen and the muck from the ox-pens was in great demand. Again, crosses for early maturity destroy sound breeding, and on the small farm that cannot buy in its breeding stock, inferior types increase. With sheep the doom of the sound breeding stock is sounded. Flock masters are now selling all the fat lambs, both ewes and wether and, instead of culling the worst females for the butcher, retain for breeding only the late and badly developed lambs. It has all got to end somewhere.

The irony of the whole situation is that baby beef, like all quick maturing products, is insipid. It has neither texture nor taste. Local influences have no time to characterize their special product and no care is taken to prepare the meat for the kitchen and study its requirements. The famed Durham and East Anglian ox-beef had a peculiar virtue in a definite market. Each breed developed its own taste, and taste in turn conformed to the variety of the countryside and farming methods. I, personally, know nothing more insipid than lamb and no one is fonder

than I am of mutton—especially a saddle by a Cotswold cross at Simpson's. What is Welsh mutton but the product of the high hills enjoyed in due season, Cotswold teg but the slowly gathered fragrance of thyme-scented pastures, or Southdown mutton but the matured distillation of the uplands beside the dew-ponds and are not these the Abana and Pharpar of our own land? In short, it is impossible to have baby beef and lamb without mature beef and mutton and without bringing into an economic balance the cows and sheep from which it is produced.

* * *

I was interested in the Baron de Rutzen's letter in the January number of *The English Review* about my remarks on the unpopularity of white cattle. He gave a reason unknown to me about butchers and dealers being "caught" in the days before the weighbridge. In my part they are supposed to be weakly, bad milkers and (for obvious reasons) to harbour parasites. The variety of reasons for dislike of them in each district is to my mind proof of an unwarranted prejudice.

* * *

I was interested to see that there was some correspondence in *The Times* again on the subject of flax. One correspondent pointed out how far we were behind our Continental neighbours in the supply of our own needs. In 1920 we produced 12,000 tons and to-day 6,000. Germany cultivates 30,000 tons, and Russia has been the chief cause of our diminished supplies as she has been exporting for years at a price far below the costs of production. Now flax is important as a farming crop. It once held sway over a great area of Great Britain, and besides being suited to our climate, necessitates sound cultivation. Only last summer I watched the Irishmen pulling it on a friend's farm in Northamptonshire. I remember it in years gone by in Somerset and Dorset and it was cultivated without absolute success in my own district. Only the other day I rode home from hunting, past the old derelict mill that was put up in the middle of last century.

Dictatorship

By Piers Clerk

A GERMAN recently objected in my hearing to the statement that Germany is governed by dictatorship. His argument was simply that, if any man in the world could claim to represent a nation, it is Herr Hitler.

What do we, who regard dictatorship as something to be avoided at all costs, mean by dictatorship?

The evil cannot lie in the assumption of Sovereignty by one man as opposed to a Cabinet, a Committee, a Council or a Parliament, for it is easier to remedy abusive power when there is only one man to deal with, and when everyone knows where to lay the blame.

Whenever men join together to pursue a common purpose, they must have a Captain. Few men will admit that they believe in dictatorship, simply because they know the advantages of having one man in charge of a battalion, team, office, ship or expedition.

The issue is not whether one man or several should have sovereignty. We have, indeed, an involuntary impulse to attach loyalty only to a man, never to a group. The electorate changes a Parliament, lightheartedly, but the strain of changing a King is great.

Who has heard of affection for a County Council or lasting allegiance to a Committee? While thousands receive services and subsidies of more monetary value than their whole income from Councils, they have no gratitude. Either a man is thanked, or no one is thanked.

To the Romans dictatorship was a temporary device for use in an emergency. It made the body politic, more coherent, efficient and mobile by increasing as well as transferring the sovereign powers, at the expense of the powers of law, custom and voluntary action. This is the essence of dictatorship: the weakness of immemorial law, of custom and of voluntary action.

From the Conquest to Cromwell's time the English Kings had virtually no standing army, no police force, no civil service, while new laws were rare. They were to a great extent subject to the powers which dictatorship lacks or with which it dispenses.

It was democracy, not the kings, which required the greatest and best police force in the world to hold the people down while its own will was enforced upon it. If the evil of dictatorship lies in the maintenance of the sovereign man or group of a standing force designed to act upon the people, then we have a dictatorship in England now, and the Germans have two advantages over us; that Herr Hitler is positively and voluntarily supported by a far greater proportion of the nation than is our own Government, and that every German knows who is in command and where to lay responsibility for abuses, whereas we are in doubt.

If we are going to count lost law, and new regulations imposed by force, then again the Germans have the advantage, for they have lost less old law and had imposed on them no more regulations than we have under the House of Commons. In estimating the degrees of dictatorship we must inquire not merely into the machinery of Government but into the nature of the people governed. Are they an ancient people, well-equipped with well-tried law and customs and accustomed to voluntary service, or are they a mere population, so many head of clamouring, divided, opinionated animals who can be held together as a community only by the constant threat or exercise of force?

If the people have one faith, one motive, one accepted law, one leader, they can scarcely be oppressed. It must be granted that the Germans have at least taken the first step to freedom, by adopting a proper attitude to heretics and dissenters from their national purpose.

With us, however, the policy of Divide and Rule is observed. Economic civil war, heresy and schism are tolerated and protected, and only those who strive for national unity are singled out for special condemnation when they say that the kittens born in the kennels are not dogs.

The German was right. Herr Hitler is not a dictator, and we have a many headed, unrepresentative, anonymous dictatorship.

The League and the Rule of Law

By Douglas Jerrold

FRESH from their opposing *rôles* in the Constitutional crisis, Mr. Winston Churchill and the Archbishop of Canterbury greeted the New Year with another manifesto designed to ensure the early outbreak of a world war. They were not, it is true, the only signatories. Official Labour, official Liberalism and the friends of Russia, headed by the Duchess of Atholl, were all represented, and there was the usual postscript of professors. It was, however, the conjunction with these indefatigable war-makers of the leading representative of the Great Soft Centre and the late leader of the die-hard Tories which gave the manifesto its importance.

This manifesto followed on an Albert Hall meeting when Mr. Winston Churchill had been formally reconciled with some discreetly chosen Labour elements and on many comings and goings between the Independent Liberals and the sage of Westerham. It marks the formal repudiation, by all the elements of His Majesty's Opposition, of the peace policy of this country as proposed at Versailles, as embodied in the Covenant, and as pursued, with intervals of disturbed slumber, from 1919 to the present day.

No one will expect me to defend this policy. Its patent failure is writ large over Europe and Asia. Were this not so, we could watch the efforts of Mr. Winston Churchill and his brother-in-arms of Canterbury with indifference. As it is, we cannot. We must, on the contrary, be very much on our guard lest, having been brought by one policy to the very brink of war, we are now, by a new policy, led beyond the brink into the abyss. The risk is great because very few Englishmen, and this statement applies to professional politicians and journalists as certainly as to other classes of the community, understand how momentous, novel and hazardous is the change on which Mr. Winston Churchill and his friends ask us to embark.

As originally conceived, the League was not a judicial but a political instrument. Its lines were determined by the refusal of the British delegation at Versailles to allow the League to become either the guarantor of the *status*

quo or the arbiter of its modification. What was left of these rival conceptions, French and American in their origin, is embodied in Article X and Article XIX. Article XIX can be easily disposed of. It is that purely permissive Article which provides that "the Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world."

The interesting thing about Article XIX is that it was originally a pendant to Article X and was intended to define in general terms the kind of exceptions which would have to be made to that guarantee of existing frontiers which President Wilson wished to incorporate in the Covenant. But Article X, as finally adopted, provided no guarantee, in the juridical sense. It is merely an undertaking "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." Lord Robert Cecil (as he then was), when this article was under consideration, moved, on behalf of the British Government, to omit the words "and preserve us against external aggression."* The French (with their eye on the Versailles frontiers) refused to accept this, but the clause as it stands to-day represents, none the less, a British victory, for the interpretation of the words quoted depends on the sentence which follows: "In the case of any such aggression, or in the case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which the obligation shall be fulfilled." The French had insisted on such particularization of the course to be followed in the event of aggression or the threat of it; their representative had argued (with characteristic cynicism) that without such particularization the first part of the clause remained "only a principle." "But," continues Sir Alfred Zimmern, "the fact that the Council was now empowered only to 'advise' on the means of enforcement threw the whole responsibility back from the League upon the individual States who could

* See Sir Alfred Zimmern: "The League of Nations and the Rule of Law," pp. 240-3 (Macmillan, 1936, 12s. 6d. net).

justly argue that in its final form the article was a mere expression of moral obligation and did not mean business."†

The reason for this refusal to insert a businesslike and legally phrased guarantee of existing frontiers in the Covenant is simple. The British view of the League, both in 1918–19 when the Covenant was being written and in 1925 when Lord Balfour produced his famous memorandum attacking the Geneva Protocol, regarded it as a consultative body. It was seen from the start by British jurists and the British elder statesmen as an instrument for clothing in flesh and blood the hitherto anæmic concept of the Concert of Europe, and for endowing this organized Concert with powers analogous to those given to the different *ad hoc* tribunals set up in pre-war years by the Hague Conferences. To this view they won over the United States delegation, and the constructive articles of the Covenant are all based on this conception of the League's functions. The concert system, on Sir Alfred Zimmern's analysis, is crystallized in Articles I–VII, XVIII–XX and XXVI, while the principles and practice of the Hague Conferences provide the bones and sinews for Article XII–XVII. For our purposes the most vitally important of these are the famous Articles XII–XVI for the regulation of disputes between member States.

These articles were, in British eyes, from the start and until last year, the very pith and marrow of the Covenant. They enshrine two clear principles, both of them negative. They do not attempt to set up the rule of law, but the practice of conciliation, and they do not close the door to independent political action by individual States. They are the reflection of the cardinal belief of late nineteenth-century liberalism in the virtues of delay and discussion, and, it may be added, in the necessity of compromise. They may be defined as an attempt to make the application of the traditional British parliamentary methods, of prolonged discussion as a cure for political differences, compulsory all over the world. But, be it noted, what is compulsory is not any particular kind of solution to the

† Op. cit. p. 241.

problems but the manner in which a solution is to be sought.

These all-important articles of the Covenant set out no principles which should govern the settlement of disputes. They deal solely with the application of an elaborate process of conciliatory manœuvre. They leave the contending parties free, if the manœuvre fails of its purpose, to settle their differences in their own way, and if necessary by force. They only restrict the right of intervention, which may not be exercised by member States against that party to a dispute, if any, which has stated its readiness to accept the League findings. Neither the spirit nor the substance of Articles XII to XVI is reconcilable with that of Article X of the Covenant. Sir Alfred Zimmern gives on p. 273 of his book the six different formulæ of reconciliation as attempted at different times by enthusiastic jurists. All six are mutually contradictory and none are even superficially satisfactory.

It is important to observe that both Japan and Italy could, if they had been willing or able to wait, have pursued their campaigns against Manchuria and Abyssinia in perfect conformity with Articles XII–XVI of the League Covenant, and had they done so, no action could have been taken under Article X which would not have stultified the League. It was the failure of Italy to carry out her obligations under the other Articles of the Covenant that made it possible for the League to take action against her and to denounce her action under Article X.

The present crisis in Europe is the direct result of the mistaken reliance placed by the British delegation at Versailles on what I have called (following Sir Alfred Zimmern) the Hague Conference type of machinery for settling international disputes. This failure was inevitable from the start, as President Wilson, the whole Italian delegation, and the French Government alike saw. Unfortunately, as they could not agree on any alternative plan, they all accepted the British proposals.

The reliance of liberal ideologues on conciliation as an instrument of political progress is strangely persistent; it is the most tragic example of that wilful obscurantism,

verging on fraudulent deception, which is the vice of Parliamentary democracy and has already led over most of Continental Europe to its collapse. Parliamentary democracy, on the English model, can keep itself going only by a continuous readiness to surrender any principle for the sake of peace and quiet. Whenever principles come into question which men on neither side are prepared to surrender, the system breaks down and the issue is settled by force. This is inherent in the logic of facts, and our own history is as full as that of any other country of examples. The Feudal Monarchy, the powers of the barons and burgesses, the Tudor National Monarchy, the Elizabethan religious settlement, were all established by armed force and maintained by armed force. It was the same with the constitutional changes between 1642 and 1688. The Reform Bill of 1832 was only passed after 50 years of illegal and revolutionary agitation and then only as the result of a constitutional *coup-d'état*. The great political issues of the latter half of this same century, in South Africa and Ireland, were both settled by war. The General Strike of 1926 was broken only by the march of troops to the Docks. The constitutional crisis from which we have just emerged was no more capable than any of these other great crises in our history of settlement by conciliation. The fact that in these last two crises the force available was in the one instance not resisted and the other instance never used does not impair the argument. The force was there. And, after all, it is only fifteen years since we were in the throes of an active civil war ending in the surrender by the Ministers of the Crown to the rebels of the Crown's authority.

If force is a necessary arbiter within the framework of a sovereign State, with all the dice loaded in favour of peace and quiet, how could anyone suppose that disputes between two independent sovereign States, both armed and equipped for war, could be settled by the devices of delay and discussion ?

The historical fact remains that in 1919 the British Government did believe this. They were, one presumes, misled by the long period of domestic peace which had followed on the Reform Bill of 1832. Alone among the

great Powers the English had emerged from the war without a mutiny. Alone among the great Powers they had experienced nearly a hundred years without civil war or constitutional crisis. They had, we will suppose, forgotten the civil war which was on the point of breaking out in 1914 and the mutiny which actually broke out at the Curragh. This had all been, after all, a mistake. And in 1919 the wonderful British system (which looked so much more wonderful than before the civil war of 1920–21, the revolutionary strike of 1926, the mutiny of 1930 or the abdication of 1936) was being set up in Germany, in Austria and in the Balkans, and seemed secure and prosperous in Italy and in Spain, and almost triumphant in France and in Belgium.

In such circumstances the hopes founded on Articles XII–XVI can perhaps be at least understood. But it is important to remember that they never had any foundation in logic or in history, and that they were never shared by any other of the victorious Powers. At the best (and it is a poor best) the British argument was one of false analogy. Even if it had been true, which it was not, that the methods of discussion, conciliation and compromise were always effective in domestic politics, it would have been because men believed that any sacrifice was better than the use of force. They do not in fact believe this, and never will, but they do believe that most sacrifices are worth while to avoid a recourse to civil war, because that means force exercised against themselves. But this argument has no efficacy at all in the field of international politics. Whatever Sir Norman Angell or Lord Russell write, men do not feel that a successful war against a foreign State is a profitless undertaking. As far as men are guided at all by material hopes in affairs of this kind, they see a chance of profit from a national war, as opposed to the certainty of loss which a civil war portends.

Anyway, the cat, in this year of grace 1937, is out of the bag. We can with an effort see back into the minds of the statesmen who in a mood compounded of woolly humanitarianism, intellectual muddle and an extreme of optimism over-persuaded the French, American and Italian

Governments into building the League Covenant round Articles XII–XVI. But there is no one in the world to-day who does not know, and indeed say, that these articles are not worth the paper they are written on. When we are asked to-day to arm the League and make it an effective instrument for operating the rule of law we are not asked to try to restore the prestige of the old League, to try and revitalize this old and dishonoured procedure, but to do the very opposite—to bury it root and branch, and start again on the foundation of Article X.

At the beginning of this article we explained something of the history of Article X. It was drafted by President Wilson as a guarantee, and as such it was rejected by all the Powers. But in the course of the change from a guarantee to an " undertaking to respect " an all-important condition was dropped. This condition excepted from the guarantee frontiers whose rectification was necessary in the interests of peaceful change as required by changed circumstances or the wishes of the inhabitants concerned. The original clause, the guarantee accompanied by the exception, would have made the League responsible for seeing that equitable considerations justified the implementing of the guarantee. It was the removal of this requirement which led to the dropping of the legally explicit and coercive word " guarantee." And even so, as we have seen, the British Government wished the clause made even weaker.

The Italian proposals, which the great brotherhood of free democracies at Versailles was not even courteous enough to discuss, went further than the original American view of the League as expressed in the first draft of Article X. The Italians were not content with the League as a passive agent of peaceful change. *Peace through justice* was their watchword. But justice in the Italian view (from which they never departed and for which they argued finally in the Geneva discussions at the time of the Abyssinian crisis) demands the settlement of disputes on grounds of equity and political expediency with the object of securing a just and stable arrangement. It has nothing to do with the defence of pre-existing Treaties, which it would be the chief function of the League, as the dispenser

of justice, to modify. What the Italian scheme proposed to guarantee to each member State was not its territorial integrity but the "necessary conditions of its independent and autonomous development" including "the international distribution of foodstuffs and raw materials required to sustain healthy conditions of life and industry." A curious sidelight is thrown on the sincerity of British diplomacy when we know the real origin of Sir Samuel Hoare's much-vaunted proposal regarding raw materials. The Italian delegation, failing at Versailles, raised the matter at the very first assembly of the League in 1920. They were rebuffed by Lord Balfour (in the Council) and by the Canadian spokesman in the Assembly. When they tried to raise it again in 1927, it was deliberately eliminated from the agenda of the World Economic Conference. When the Italian armies in 1935 were already on the march we brought it forward amid the hysterical applause of the same gang of professors and politicians who had vetoed its discussion for sixteen years. Yet there were, we believe, people who were surprised that Sir Samuel Hoare's "gesture" was not regarded in Rome as a sincerely felt contribution to the cause of peace and goodwill.

Are we asked to-day to attach either the American or the Italian conditions to the guarantees which we are to-morrow to be asked to give under Article X? We are not. We are asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Winston Churchill to accept the position—which the authors of the Covenant, deliberately and after the most explicit debates, refused to accept—that Article X guarantees unconditionally and in perpetuity and irrespective of all the circumstances of change and growth, to say nothing of equity or the will of the peoples concerned, the frontiers of Europe and Asia. We are asked to do this while Article XIX remains just a dead letter, and we are asked to accompany our new (and false) interpretation of Article X by a pledge to support our perjury with the blood of our citizens.

It is, of course, a lie to say that Article X is coercive, even if we ignore, as interpreters of historical documents can never honourably do, the clear circumstances of its

origin. The article qualifies the undertaking by specifying the duty of the Council in the event of the territorial integrity of any State being threatened. The Council is to advise upon the measures to be taken. The individual States were deliberately left free to accept or reject that advice. Moreover, sanctions were deliberately reserved for offences against Articles XII, XIII, XIV and XV, and are not applicable to breaches of Article X. The importance of Article X rests on the fact that it imports into the Covenant the only solitary formula which can be regarded as a positive provision of law. That is why it assumes such momentous importance directly it is sought to turn the League into what it was never intended to be, neither a standing committee of the Concert of Europe (on the British view, which was accepted) nor a legislative body for guiding and determining the course of change in accordance with equitable principles (on the American and Italian views, which were rejected), but an organization for supporting by force of arms the existing corpus of international law and the existing frontiers of the world.

This means, in plain English, an organization for making war on Germany.

The rule of law in international affairs is, of course, a legitimate dream. It is, however, of importance to realize that the rule of law is not, as is pretended, a proved instrument of peaceful change. It is exactly and precisely the opposite. Change in history has been effected peacefully in proportion as scope has been left for the free exercise of political initiative. When, as under despotisms or theocracies, the rule of law is absolute, change has been effected by revolution and in no other way. The law never in history changed anything. It merely registers changes when they are made by political action (in countries not under the absolute rule of law) or by revolution (in countries under such absolute rule). The regime which the Archbishop is seeking to establish at Geneva is, not unnaturally, more akin to the old Oriental theocracies than to anything known in the world to-day. It is certainly the exact reverse of what would be tolerable to any free man in Europe, Asia, America, Australasia or Africa. It will perhaps,

however, since it offers the certainty of some early killings, appeal to Emperor Haile Selassie's more intimate circle. The rule of law which we are asked to set up and fight for at Geneva is the rule of the dead men who drew up the Versailles Treaties. Their word is law, and unless and until the Treaties are revised by consent, it remains law. But such consent can never be secured under the Covenant as it stands. Article X is shorn of all its safeguards. They must, before it is interpreted as a guarantee, be reinstated. But nothing of the kind is proposed. No legislature is to be set up. No principles of equity to guide the Council in its " advice " are to be laid down. There is to be no appeal against the law, and no provision for changing it except by consent. That is the meaning of the rule of law, which involves the denial of those rights of political action in which all liberty and all progress have always everywhere depended. The rule of law is the coping stone in the tyrannical edifice of the non-political world-state which the Archbishop, in his zeal for authoritarianism, wishes to set up. If he succeeds, he will have passed sentence of death not merely on millions of his fellow countrymen, but on an entire civilization.

" There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

We are to-day at the parting of the ways. We can rebuild the civilization of Europe on those tried and proved principles of political action—the free initiative of free men—which had led Europe from the Dark Ages into the light of a high civilization. Alternatively we can, at the request of the Archbishop, turn in the title deeds of our civilization and commit ourselves to the vain and futile struggle to arrest the tide of time, to write *finis* to the book of history and to defend to the last drop of our blood the perjured and dishonourable ruins of the Treaties of Versailles. The choice is a clear one. If the law, which is the Treaty, rules, we are committed either to destroy the law or to enforce its authority. We shall, of course, refuse. We, of all peoples, know the folly of such courses. We know that a law which cannot be amended is a law which kills, and that there are only two ways of amending laws—by majority vote or by

exercise of the political initiative of free men. The principle of the majority vote is limited in its efficacy, as we have seen, even within the confines of a sovereign State. It is wholly unsuitable as a final arbiter of change in international affairs. We must reserve, if we are to have a hope of avoiding another world war, the right of all nations to a free political initiative, unless and until we can reach agreement on the principles of change and on the machinery for applying those agreed principles with inflexible justice.

We shall never, within the next few hundreds of years, agree on a complete code of principles applicable in advance to all possible contingencies. The factors necessitating the readjustment of frontiers and the change of sovereignties are too intangible and too impossible to foresee. What we can do is to extend slowly across the years the area over which agreed principles operate. From matters of postage and sanitation and criminal jurisprudence we can turn to matters of currency and trade and the freedom of worship, perhaps. And so slowly we can build the foundations of an international society. But never if we begin at the wrong end. The first principle of fruitful change is the political initiative of free men, using law as its servant and accepting no master but its own conscience. To depart from that sacred principle is to betray the whole civilization of Europe in a manner at once unintelligent and craven.

The Air Defence of London and our Great Cities

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

In the March issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW *Commander Edwards will write on the Fleet Air Arm controversy, and in a consequent issue Captain Liddell Hart will contribute an article on Future Warfare.*—EDITOR.

HAVING recently lectured on the problem of air defence to various associations in the city of London, all I can say is that I am appalled at the little which is being done to prepare the people to face the certainty in another war of aerial bombardments. Not only, so far as I am able to gather, are no steps worth considering being taken, but I have been informed by those concerned that in certain towns in the north Pacifist and Socialist mayors have refused to co-operate in air-defence measures. For this lethargy and wilful obstruction I blame the Government, which though it has embarked upon a costly and, in my opinion, an un-co-ordinated scheme of defence, has so far failed to realize that technical rearmament without disciplinary "rearmament" is in the conditions which will face us in another war but a frail reed to lean upon. So little is the true problem of air-defence grasped that again and again we have been told by Mr. Baldwin and other statesmen that, except for retaliation, there is no answer to air attack. I maintain that there is, because, as the object of such attacks is not to kill and destroy, but instead to create panic and revolution, the answer is—national discipline. Whilst formerly the fighting forces alone were disciplined, and whatever their weapons might be, unless disciplined were looked upon as an armed rabble, so to-day, now that the nerves and will of the civil population can directly be attacked, unless the people are disciplined to withstand attack, whatever the fighting forces may be worth, the people themselves are nothing other than a highly sensitive revolutionary force, in fact, human dynamite.

As our Government cannot see this, or rather will not see it, presumably because it is fearful of infringing our sacred right of personal liberty, which so far as air-defence is concerned is nothing short of licence to commit suicide, I will in the main examine this problem from its disciplinary or moral point of view, that is from its true foundation. In doing so I will avoid the exaggerations which pacifists have made use of in order to terrify the people, and also eschew the contempt for the newer arms which characterizes the old school of war. Concerning the first, when disarmament was the main plank in our policy, we were told that London could be wiped off the map by forty tons of poison gas. And as regards the second, now that we are rearming, we are informed that, should small incendiary bombs be showered upon us, all we need do is to sprinkle the top floors of our houses with two inches of earth and remove them by means of long-handled shovels! Both these statements are, of course, absurd, and as public memory is so very short, I will, by returning to what happened during the World War, attempt to establish a mean between them, and leave it to the reader to enlarge the lessons then learned in proportion to the improvements in methods of attack which have taken place since its ending.

In all, between 1914–1918, 111 air attacks were made, fifty-two by airships and fifty-nine by aeroplanes, in which 8,500 bombs of all sizes, weighing about 300 tons, were dropped. In the first 556 persons were killed and 1,357 injured, and in the second 857 and 2,050 respectively, the damage done being estimated at just short of £3,000,000. The total casualties were, therefore, 4,820; a truly insignificant figure when compared to our yearly road casualties of 7,000 killed and 250,000 injured. Taken over the whole of England, casualties averaged sixteen a ton of bombs dropped, and in the London Metropolitan area from sixteen night raids they were fifty-two a ton of bombs; but in the two daylight aeroplane raids on London the average rose to seventy-seven a ton. This is an important fact to remember, for it goes to show that, when people are in their houses, casualties are reduced by 50 per cent. This is

probably a conservative estimate, for Air-Commodore Charlton points out in his book *War Over England*, that "Twenty tons of bombs dropped by day caused about the same number of casualties as fifty dropped by night. The daylight method was therefore two and a half times as effective." Also it must be remembered that, unless people are under cover, many casualties are caused by the "self-bombardment" of the anti-aircraft guns. On one occasion this same writer mentions a 20 per cent. loss due to this cause and on another a 27 per cent. loss. Personally, in the Ypres area during 1917, I experienced almost nightly bombardments, and as I slept in a tent, all I can say is that I was far more frightened by the innumerable pieces of shell which came whistling down to the ground than by the bombs themselves, which incidentally caused few casualties.

During the War the most disastrous raid was on Margate, Essex, and London, on 13th June, 1917. It was carried out by twenty-two aeroplanes and resulted in 162 people being killed and 432 injured, or slightly more than the casualties suffered in the naval bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby on 16th December, 1914, when 137 were killed and 592 injured. According to German figures, their total civilian losses from air attack was 720 killed and 1,754 wounded, and the property destroyed was valued at £1,175,000.

From these figures it will be seen that loss of life was small and damage to property insignificant. In Germany the yearly damage caused by fires has been estimated at £20,000,000, and in Great Britain that due to rats at £70,000,000. In spite of all improvements in aircraft and bombing, it would take a large number of raids to cause damage totalling such amounts. Nevertheless, it should be realized that the 300 tons of bombs dropped on English soil could to-day be easily dropped in a single raid. Concerning this form of attack, though the most recent war, namely the Italo-Abyssinian, does not teach us much, for conditions were so different to those in Europe, it does show in a small degree what we may expect and against what we should be prepared. At its ending there were

no more than 500 machines in use, many being of an obsolete type; yet 872 bombardments were carried out and 1,700 tons of explosives as well as 1,000 tons of supplies were dropped. Had such a tonnage, namely 2,700 tons in all, been dropped on this country during the World War, then our casualties would have been 43,380 and not 4,820. Further, as the Abyssinian War lasted approximately six months and the World War four years, if casualties are multiplied by eight, then the total would be 347,040, that is, an average of 7,230 a month. As 1,000 and not 500 machines may easily be used against us, in spite of anti-aircraft defence, we may expect an average of between 400 and 500 casualties a day, and though to a disciplined nation these figures are by no means overwhelming they are likely to prove cataclysmic in an undisciplined one. Consequently, when we turn from physical effect—killing, wounding and destroying—to moral effect—terrifying, we obtain a totally different picture. For example, in 1916, there were thirteen different weeks in which the Cleveland area was flown over by hostile aircraft, and seldom more than a few machines at the time. The result of this was that the output of commodities in that district was reduced by 390,000 tons, representing one-sixth of the annual output. Again, during September, 1917, in the works of one large clothing manufacturer the output dropped from 40,000 suits per factory to under 5,000. Also, on Sunday night, 30th September, 1917, when a raid on Kent, Essex, and London killed no more than fourteen people and injured only thirty-eight, the percentage of hands in the filling factories in Woolwich Arsenal fell by over 75 per cent.; the output of rifle ammunition, normally 850,000 rounds, fell to nil, and of rifle grenade cartridges from 125,000 to 46,000. The output of ·303 Mark VII cartridges for the week ending 29th September, was exactly half the normal output of 10,000,000 rounds. Even false alarms emptied entire workshops sometimes for twenty-four hours at a time, and on one occasion a report of an airship off Scarborough had the effect of extinguishing lights at Bath and Gloucester. As these were the results of the insignificant and amateurish attacks of 1914–1918, should the same

lack of discipline prevail, what may we expect in the future? The answer is: *Complete industrial paralysation.*

From the above figures may be gauged the tremendous power of air attacks to cripple industry by terrifying undisciplined workers, and the same will be found when we examine their influence upon the nerves of the masses of the people. For instance: by the middle of 1917 the population of Margate had fallen from 30,000 to 16,000, 14,000 having fled the town. On 24th September, 1917, a raid took place in which only fifteen people were killed and seventy injured, nevertheless 100,000 people sought refuge in the London tubes. On the following night another raid took place and 120,000 people took cover in the tubes. These two raids caused so great a nervousness that, on the 26th and 27th, though no attacks were signalled or made, people began flocking into the tubes at 5·30 p.m. On 16th, 17th and 18th February, 1918, there occurred three raids in which 33 people were killed and 38 injured; nevertheless 300,000 persons sought refuge in the tubes. Concerning these events Air-Commodore Charlton writes: "The foreign folk in the crowded East End district were singularly liable to an unreasoning panic, particularly the preponderating Jewish element. . . . In the shelter of the tube stations the distress of Jewish mothers and children was very difficult to soothe. They would scream loudly, tearing their clothes and beating their breasts, while old men amongst them would pluck hair from their beards in the fashion of the Scriptures. Too often, bands of young aliens belonging to neutral or allied countries, shedding every vestige of manhood, would behave like animals of the wild, sometimes brutally trampling people to death in a mad, insensate rush for safety." Again, at suburban termini: "Groups of people belonging to this super-added local population would behave distractedly, praying for deliverance in camp-meeting style and cursing loudly, with arms extended, the brilliant autumnal moon." If 300 tons of explosives led to such mad behaviour, what will 3,000 tons lead to, or 30,000, which is not an impossible figure?

If the statistics I have quoted mean anything at all,

surely it is that the moral effect of an air attack is incalculably greater than its physical effect; consequently that moral protection, that is discipline, is far more important in preventing panic than protection through retaliation. Though in no way do I wish to belittle the importance of being able to hit back, I am of opinion, when belligerents are in a position to do so, the deciding factor will be the moral steadfastness to endure bombardments: in other words—national discipline. The side which can the more surely scorn fear, laugh at danger and carry on with its daily work, and in consequence dislocate panic, is the side which will establish the more certain foundation of victory, for it will grant liberty of action to its forces of attack and counter-attack. And when we look at this problem of national discipline from the political angle, there can be no doubt in my own mind that the totalitarian powers have an immense advantage over the democratic, because in peace time their peoples are drilled and disciplined and their governments are far more immune from the disruptive influences of popular hysteria. For example, if we take two nations—Germany and France, nations in which, on the one hand national solidarity is placed before individual advantage, and on the other personal liberty stands in the way of national discipline, then should Germany strike first, what will the effect on the French be? In spite of their being a brave people, should Paris be heavily bombed, is not it probable that it will be swept by panic; that even should the Government not fall, it will be terribly shaken, and that whatever retaliatory force is in readiness, launched as it will be by half-paralysed politicians, it is more likely than not to be half-paralysed itself. Next, reverse this picture and suppose that France strikes first, that Berlin is bombed and that thousands of people are killed and injured. As the German Government is autocratic it will at once master the situation and stimulate the discipline of the people by broadcasting what has taken place in such a way as to electrify every German heart. A message will be radiated to every home, stating that a dastardly attack on the capital has been made, that whole streets have been demolished, yet the *morale* of the

survivors is so superb that tens of thousands of Berliners—men, women, and children, sound and wounded—are standing on the ruins and shouting "Heil Hitler!"

With this picture before us, and I believe it to be a true one, I will turn to the problem of defence and examine what we are doing to-day and what, in my opinion, we should do.

First, there can be no doubt whatsoever that our present preparations are almost entirely of a physical nature. We are in the process of building up a powerful air force so that we may be in a position to strike back. We are increasing and improving our anti-aircraft protection so that we may be better prepared to frustrate the striker. We are issuing gas masks and we are publishing mild instructions as to what the people should do when London and our other great cities are bombed. Also we have established a number of local committees to examine the problem.

So far as they go these preparations are excellent; but how far do they go?—this is the question. From the point of view of establishing national discipline, and only through the discipline of the masses of the people can panic, *the object of air attack*, be frustrated; they do not touch even the fringe of the problem. What we will not realize is that the foundation of all effective physical action is *moral stability*, and as the accuracy of an arrow's flight is dependent upon the steadiness of the bow, so also does the directness of our power to retaliate depend upon the steadfastness of our people. As Lord Bacon exclaimed over three hundred years ago: "Walled towns, stored arsenals and armouries, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordnance, artillery, and the like: all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

This is the fundamental problem in the air defence of London and all our great cities—the stoutness in disposition of their citizens. Did such stoutness exist in 1914–1918? No! This I have proved by quoting a few statistics. Does it exist to-day? No! And this is proved by the inability of the London police to control the underworld of the

East End of the capital. For instance, on 4th October, Sir Oswald Mosley was granted permission to march some 7,000 Fascists through the East End, and though 6,000 police were called out, that is, approximately one to each marcher, the Commissioner of Police called the march off, because he considered that, were it held, he would be unable to maintain law and order. Though I am in no way concerned here with the political questions involved, it seems to me that if the largest forces of police ever assembled in the East End were unable to deal with a political demonstration, how much less likely is it that, in the event of an air attack on London, they will be able to deal with the frantic, terror-stricken mobs which will surge through the city. Replace 7,000 Fascists by 7,000 twenty-pound high explosive and incendiary bombs, that is, the load of no more than thirty bombing machines, and what will the police do and what will be the mental state of the Government when they have failed to accomplish the impossible?

Will retaliation, will anti-aircraft gunfire, will gas masks, committee meetings and mild instructions, left to the good-will of their readers to obey or not, as they like, stay panic? Obviously no! Because our political system is such that it cannot enforce discipline. All it can do is either to surrender to mob violence or to meet violence by super-violence: in other words, to start a civil war in the middle of a foreign one! That this system will have to be changed, if in another war we are to avoid the scenes which have recently disgraced Oviedo, Madrid, and other Spanish cities, is obvious. Yet, to-day, there are no signs that any change is contemplated. Daily we are told that we are a free nation, which in another war means that we shall be free to indulge in panic and commit moral suicide.

Setting aside any change in the political system, can we in any way in the circumstances which surround us mitigate such a calamity? I think we can, and so far as civil preparations are concerned, I will now examine what we should do under the three headings: (1) city organization; (2) organization of the people; and (3) action during attack.

As regards the first, every great city should be organized according to three objects: (a) to prevent panic; (b) to minimize casualties; and (c) to restrict fires; because the object of an air attack is to cause panic by means of threatening or destroying life and property. If life and property could be rendered absolutely secure, there would be no panic; but, as such security is not possible, the prevention of panic remains the crucial problem.

Panic is a contagious emotion produced by sudden and overpowering fear, and is accompanied by unreasoning and frantic efforts to secure safety at any and every cost. The urge is to get away from the moment and the place; consequently, the first step towards preventing it is to stop movement or, at the very least, in no way to encourage it. Restriction of movement is, consequently, of first importance. As in a state of panic people attempt to get away from danger, and as they realize that their houses are a frail protection against air bombs, their instinct of self-preservation urges them to seek securer shelters; this was the reason why tens of thousands rushed wildly and frantically for the tube stations during 1917–1918. It should, however, be remembered that the value of a shelter depends not only on it being bomb-proof, but also on it being situated in the *immediate* vicinity of those who seek refuge in it. In the case of an attack on London, the time available between the alarm being sounded and the appearance of hostile machines has been calculated at between fifteen and twenty minutes. Therefore unless a shelter can be occupied within that time, it may prove to be a trap; because, should those rushing to gain it be caught in the open, not only will severe casualties be suffered, but panic will break all bounds, the mass of people becoming mad and reverting to the condition of infuriated beasts. As Air-Commodore Charlton informs us, during one of the raids on London, twenty-eight people, "mostly women and children, were killed and injured, not by bombs but in a panic rush for cover." As time wherein to reach security is exceedingly short, far too short to enable more than a minute minority of the population gaining the security of tube stations, these most certainly should be

closed. Again, most of them are situated on or close by main thoroughfares where large crowds can congregate, and the larger the crowd the more uncontrollable becomes the panic. Further still, during and immediately after an attack, the underground railway system is likely to prove the most certain means of moving police, rescue parties, etc., and therefore it should on no account be blocked by panic-stricken hordes. Where specially constructed shelters should be provided is under or in the immediate vicinity of large blocks of flats, tenements and factories. In brief, for all buildings which hold large numbers of people and which can be closed and picketed when emptied; because it should be remembered that when during periods of panic houses are evacuated, they are liable to be broken into and looted by the criminal scum which is to be found in every great city. When such refuges do not exist, people should remain in their houses, or, if they happen to be in the streets, they should enter the nearest house at hand; for though houses can be destroyed by bombs, they provide effective cover against flying fragments of masonry and pieces of exploded anti-aircraft shells; also even if their windows are shattered they offer at least some protection against lethal gas. In any case, people should be brought to understand that, unless a shelter can be occupied within a few minutes of an alarm being sounded, the safest thing to do is to remain indoors and sit still. When a soldier comes under fire he at once drops to the ground and takes such cover as he can find; he does not run about looking for it. The civil population must do likewise. Should their houses be hit they in all probability will be killed, but if they are caught in the open they will be slaughtered and certainly many will be trampled to death. "When bombs drop—don't hop" should be their motto. Should, however, their houses be set on fire, as they will then have to evacuate them, they should leave them in as orderly a manner as possible and seek refuge in others in the immediate neighbourhood.

To stop physical movement is not enough, for fear itself must also be restricted, so that reason may be maintained. In other words, people must be given something

to do and something to think about; for if occupied they will cease brooding over danger. In this respect I consider that gas masks will prove a godsend, not that the enemy is more likely to use gas bombs than high explosive and incendiary (I am of opinion that he is not), but because they will give terror-stricken people something to do. In any case, once they are adjusted they will prevent those wearing them shrieking and moving freely, and if they half-suffocate their wearers, anyhow panic will be half-suffocated in its turn. Anything which will keep the people occupied will prove a deterrent to panic, such as nailing wet blankets or sheets over the windows so as to render them more gas-tight. Much the same applies to anti-aircraft battery fire, for though its direct effect is not likely to be great, its noise most certainly will act as a sedative to terror, for it will hearten the people by clearly demonstrating that the enemy is being engaged.

Besides these defensive measures, which are vital if panic is to be kept in bounds, the following are of considerable importance. First, all new buildings erected in our cities should be as fire-proof as possible, for I am persuaded that the main danger is to be expected from incendiary bombs. Not only is this precaution a war necessity but a peace necessity, because millions of pounds worth of property in this country is yearly destroyed by fire. The second is the distribution instead of the grouping of factories. In recent years many new groups have sprung up around London, and they offer ideal targets for an attacker to strike at. Again, this dispersal of factories is as much a peace as a war necessity, and is becoming more and more feasible on account of the ease with which electrical power can be distributed.

The third is of a different nature; it is the dividing of a city into what I will call "panic-proof areas." That is to say, each city should be divided up into a number of districts and arrangements made to enable all main entrances into them being blocked or closed directly an alarm is sounded. The advantage of this is that, in the event of a certain district being bombed and a panic resulting, it can at once be cut off from neighbouring districts and the panic

segregated. Strange as it may seem, whilst in peace-time we find it necessary to elaborate an intricate system of traffic control in order to avert confusion and lessen road casualties, we are doing nothing towards organizing our cities in order to mitigate panic and loss of life in the event of war. I will repeat it again: it is the control of panic which is the main defence problem in an air attack.

Turning from city organization to the organization of the people, it is obvious that their nervousness will be in proportion to their ignorance and lack of discipline. In this respect, we stand at an overwhelming disadvantage, for as our army is small and our system of service voluntary, unlike continental nations whose armies are on a conscript footing, we lack that flow of disciplined men which on the continent is yearly returned to civil life. Whilst in France conscription provides a disciplinary backbone, in Germany, on account of the youth organizations and the labour battalions in addition to the defence services, the time is approaching when the entire nation will be disciplined, and in consequence the surest foundation laid not only against panic, but as the moral base from which the fullest retaliation can be launched. But with us, our crazy obsession regarding personal liberty, which in actual fact is mere licence, for in several respects we are less free than many continental nations, we actually allow the cultivation of ill-discipline, and are in consequence nationalizing defeat.

To mitigate this suicidal disadvantage it is too much to expect our Government to establish national discipline, because such action is in fact impossible in a political system based on *laisser faire*. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that this disadvantage can be mitigated if the following plan is adopted, namely, to divide the entire inhabitants of each city into active and passive groups. The former to consist of such patriotically minded men and women who are willing to be instructed in air defence and to undergo training in its duties. These people should be organized in units in each panic-proof area; then, on a state of emergency being proclaimed or a sudden attack being made, each unit will be in readiness to reinforce the

police, fire brigades, medical services, and rescue parties. As to the passive group, that is, the bulk of the population, on an air attack being signalled, all they will be asked to do is to comply with orders which should be transmitted to them by means of loud speakers fitted up in all streets and public places, so that the whole of the moving population can be instantaneously communicated with. It should be realized, when danger threatens, that what the people want is the *comfort of authority*, and that before a calamity occurs a few brief and heartening instructions given in a firm and commanding voice will do more to allay panic than anything else. In such circumstances what the people look for is leadership, and in order to make the most of leadership a sense of followership must be cultivated. To inculcate this, periodical black-outs and air manœuvres should be held, so that the people can practise what they may one day be called upon to do. So far our Government, unlike most continental Governments, has shirked this duty, which is nothing other than a national "boat drill" which may save many lives when the ship of State is on the rocks of war. Anyhow, the least that a Government can do is to see that every adult yearly receives a pamphlet informing him or her what to do in the event of air attack. Also a somewhat similar pamphlet in the simplest language should be issued as a manual to all schools.

As neither the above groups of people will include those working in the municipal services—police, fire brigades, sanitary, postal and medical services, etc., all these should be organized to meet an air attack. Further, the active groups should as far as possible be affiliated to them, so that, when an attack takes place, co-operation is possible. In such an event these services and groups will form armies of rescue which, directly an area is bombed, will at once set to work, remove unexploded projectiles, extinguish fires, evacuate the wounded, reorganize and reinstate confidence.

As regards my third and last heading, action during attack, as time is so short all steps taken must be such as can be effected within a maximum of twenty minutes. They should include the following:

(1) The closing of all entrances leading into underground railways and panic-proof areas.

(2) The closing down of the telephone system except for messages of an official nature, so as to prevent panic spreading by word of mouth.

(3) The broadcasting to the public to clear the streets and take shelter in the nearest available houses.

(4) The broadcasting of instructions as what to do in the event of a gas attack, incendiary attack, etc.

(5) The calling out of all services required and all active groups, informing them what to do or to hold themselves in immediate readiness for action.

(6) Lastly, during the attack, the people should ceaselessly be broadcasted to: the course of the raid, the action of the counter-attack, etc., being described to them as if it were a race or a prize fight, so that their brains may be occupied and their thoughts distracted.

If the preparations and precautions as set forth in this paper are taken, and if the people have some idea of what to expect and what to do, though material damage and loss of life cannot be prevented, moral damage will be vastly reduced, and, be it remembered, *moral damage is the object of an air attack.*

A Programme for Agriculture

By Dr. Cloudesley Brereton

THE other day a man well endowed with this world's goods buttonholed me in a smoke room and after dilating in vigorous not to say vague terms on what the Government had done for agriculture with doles and subsidies, wound up by asking me the more or less pertinent or impertinent question: "What more do your d——d farmers want?" My reply was, I fear, a rather personal one. I pointed out that the Government had done far less for farming than for the industries in which, I happened to know, he was largely interested—iron, steel, and motor-cars. His holdings in the companies concerned with these commodities had benefited by duties amounting to some 33⅓ per cent. None of the *main* commodities produced by the farmers, with the possible exception of oats, has received either directly or indirectly the same extent of protection. Moreover, wages in the trades in which he was interested were not regulated by statute but by the laws of supply and demand and collective bargaining.

My critic did not pursue the subject further, but it struck me on reflection there was a good deal more to be said for the farmer and as the attitude of my critic is, alas, only too common with many who should know better, it has seemed to me opportune to try and set out what appeared to me to be the just claims of agriculture and also deal with the two main stumbling-blocks to the development of our existing agriculture and to the future expansion of the industry as a whole.

It is indeed significant that, while practically all our trades and industries are enjoying a wave of prosperity, agriculture is apparently the only exception, and agriculture even when compared with conditions in 1924–5, which was certainly not a boom year, is decidedly worse off to-day and that in spite of what the Government had done since 1930. Put in a nutshell, what the Government have done is to keep agriculture alive, as Obadiah did the prophets by feeding them on the bread and water of affliction, but they have *utterly failed to* restore it to the

relative prosperity it enjoyed in 1914, or even to the position it held in 1924–5. Here are a few figures:

In 1924–5 the value of produce sold off farms in England and Wales was £235,000,000, for 1934–5 it was £208,750,000, or if the wheat and cattle payments are included, the total is about £217,000,000. The total deficiency below the figures for 1924–5 amounts for the intervening period to £350,000,000.

In 1924–5 the index figure for agricultural prices was 162, for 1935–6 it was 120, or 125 with the wheat and cattle payments included; it has been as low as 111 (a figure which includes the subsidy payments).

The same sorry tale is revealed by a comparison of the acreage under the plough, especially if the figures for 1914 are compared with 1935. It is true the wheat acreage, thanks to the quota, and potatoes, thanks to duties and restrictions, have maintained their position, but the barley crop has fallen nearly half from 1,488,233 to 793,000 acres, and the oats crop a third from 2,039,128 to 1,416,000. Turnips and swedes have fallen more than half, 1,097,770 to 497,000, the increase in sugar beet 263,000, leaving still a big gap in the root crop.

On the other hand, wages, which in 1913–14 were 18s. and in 1924–5 were 31s. 3d., at the end of 1936 were 32s. 6d. The labourer's position has further been improved through the cost of living having fallen from 175 to 147. The purchasing power of the labourer is therefore at least 25 per cent. more than in 1924–5. It has been estimated that had the workers' wages moved in like ratio to the farmers' receipts nominal wages would have dropped to 27s. 6d. It would seem that the sums received in subsidies by the farmers have gone to maintain the labourers' wages. With the demand for employable labour that the present boom in trade is producing, I am sorely afraid there will be an increasing exodus from the land, unless the farmer is put into a position to pay higher wages, which I am convinced the majority of us would be only too willing to pay if only the money were there, especially when we compare the labourer's work with, say, the pay of an unskilled road sweeper in the towns.

Perhaps, however, the most convincing evidence of the unremunerative prices that farmers have been compelled to accept is Mr. Elliot's statement last autumn that owing to the fall in prices of the eight leading foodstuffs the consumer has been saved £150,000,000 since 1929 or £230,000,000 since 1925, which is far more than the total amount received in State aid by the farmer.

In the light of the above facts it would seem abundantly clear that the d——d farmer, or whatever you like to call him, requires a good deal more really to put him on his feet. What is wanted has been recently described in an admirable pamphlet published by the N.F.U. entitled "The Views of the N.F.U. on Current Agricultural Problems." I propose to set them out seriatim, supplementing them with a few comments of my own.

Live stock. At present the price of cattle, both store and fat, is quite unremunerative to the producer whose position is nothing short of precarious. The index figure for 1935 including the subsidy was only 106—in 1924–5 it was 151. Prices of the N.F.U. up to publication had shown a small advance, but the promise of a permanent rise has been completely falsified. One circumstance must suffice. One of the biggest Norfolk farmers brought 100 forward store cattle at the end of September, he sold 50 as fat before Christmas and only one reached the original price he paid for it! The N.F.U. pamphlet goes on to point out that at Ottawa in October 1932 it was laid down as essential that steps should be taken for raising the wholesale price of frozen meat which was depressing the whole live stock industry and to secure the development of the home production. Actually the price of frozen meat in 1935 (3.83d. per lb.) was lower than when this pronouncement was made. Store cattle which stood at 100 have fallen to 90, and fat cattle which stood at 102 have been as low as 92 or 106 if the subsidy is added. The recent steps taken by the Government to restore home production are totally insufficient. Under them the subsidy is continued, Dominion beef accorded a free entry with quantitative restrictions, new bureaucratic machinery appointed to secure regulation, the Board of Trade, who

utterly failed to carry out their supervisory duties, being tacitly eliminated. Such then is the Government's much trumpeted "long term" policy which has been brought to parturition after a gestation at least double that of the elephant. The proverbial mouse that the mountains in labour produced seems a mastodon in comparison. No wonder the N.F.U. stigmatize the scheme as "insufficient to avert a decline of home production and further impoverishment of the soil," and reiterate their conviction of the necessity of an ear-marked tariff in order to secure a standard remunerative price, a policy that the Government adopted in 1935 and has now calmly jettisoned!

Milk and Dairy Produce. The N.F.U. point out that the permanent success of the scheme depends on effective regulation of the marketing of dairy produce imported into this country and urge the imposition of a levy, with preference to the Dominions, the levy to be applied to maintain reasonable price levels for milk going into manufacture (some 35 per cent. of whole). How necessary this is is to be seen from the fact that the price for butter and cheese has fallen from 1924–5 to 95 for each in 1935–6. They also suggest an enquiry into the possibilities of effecting economies in the transportation and distribution wholesale and retail of milk—an urgent matter in view of the bloated profits of some of the largest milk distributing companies, whose finance, owing to the lack of co-ordinated balance sheets, it is impossible to disentangle. It also strongly insists that the Milk Board should be empowered to increase its manufacturing activities.

Sugar Beet. The Union rightly emphasize the vast indirect benefit of the crop in preventing many districts from becoming distressed areas and thereby saving the wholesale expenditure on unemployment which would otherwise have inevitably occurred. They urge its continued expansion, a matter which is becoming increasingly important owing to the ever growing danger of war and the imperative need of lessening the overwhelming task with which our all too few cruisers and merchant ships will be confronted, of securing and maintaining the flow of adequate supplies of food to this country.

Eggs and Poultry. Home production steadily increased in 1935 and 1936, but there are signs of a serious setback owing to the rush of imports from abroad as is shown by the fall in prices. Between 1924–5 poultry and eggs have fallen from 166 and 167 to 121 and 115 (1935–6) respectively. Those of us who are in sympathy with the small-holder know how hard he has been hit in the past year. It is obvious, as the N.F.U. state, that the trade agreements which are playing such havoc with the industry should be brought to an end at the earliest moment, especially as the previous "gentleman's" agreements have proved a delusion and a snare and have been abandoned. The number of "gentleman" outside the country in trade and commerce seem remarkably few.

Malting Barley. The Union state that the price level which was 165 in 1924–5 was only 101 in 1935–6. They point out that even if the brewers carry out the present agreement to purchase 7,500,000 cwt., and there is no doubt the great majority will, this would not necessarily represent any improvement in the position and would certainly not restore the acreage under barley which has fallen 55 per cent. on the pre-war acreage. The question of the urgent necessity of assistance for both malting and feeding barley is to be kept in the forefront. Personally, I believe the only satisfactory solution is an ear-marked tariff on all kinds of barley. A pig contract based on the varying cost of food would probably satisfy those who use feeding barley, who are mainly concerned in the matter.

Other problems of less importance are also discussed, while the present position of pigs, sheep and oats are dealt with in an appendix. In all cases price levels show a steep decline since 1925; bacon pigs having fallen from 152 to 106, porkers from 154 to 109, sheep from 197 to 128, oats from 140, in spite of the duty of 3s. a cwt., to 87. It is interesting to note that though the Pig Boards have gone, the price of bacon owing to the continuance of the quota remains steady, which makes one wonder if these expensive Boards are always necessary. This one costs £120,000 a year! The mutton quotas will certainly need careful watching owing to the increases allowed to the Dominions,

and the only way to make oat growing remunerative is, I am convinced, to give the proceeds of the whole or part of the tax to the growers.

It will be seen that the N.F.U. have dealt fairly thoroughly with the main wants of the farmer, to insure the various branches of the industry being put on a sound footing, although one misses any allusion to increasing the wheat quota qualifying for the full deficiency payment from 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 cwt.—a proceeding that would not cost the Government a farthing more owing to the present rise in wheat and has been advocated by many branches. None the less, it seems to me imperative that the N.F.U. should take a further step and draw up and publish a concise summary of these claims, crystallizing these under six or seven headings such as live stock, milk, wheat, barley, poultry and eggs, etc., producing, in fact, a short document that the general public could read and understand who are easily lost in a maze of technical details, something in fact that could be put on a single sheet of paper and distributed as a leaflet.

Such a manifesto or charter would also provide a convenient form of questionnaire to submit to parliamentary candidates in predominantly country districts. Members of Parliament could be more easily called to book if future government proposals were not in keeping with at least the spirit of the policy set out by the N.F.U.

Personally, I have hopes that before this article is in print this idea will have been adopted by the N.F.U. with an addendum that in the considered opinion of the Union only the adoption in its entirety of such a policy can bring about the establishment of a stable and well-balanced equilibrium, and at the same time restore agriculture to its proper place as the chief industry in the nation. Such an addendum would serve several purposes. It would indicate that we farmers are tired of the politicians' game of playing one section of farmers against another, have had enough of piecemeal and hand-to-mouth measures, and do not intend to cease agitating till every branch of the industry has been put on a sound footing. In a word, it would show to the world at large that farmers can present a united front.

I now pass to what appears to me to be the two chief obstacles to the development of our existing agriculture and the future expansion of the industry as a whole.

(1) At the present time it is essential to be able to convince the urban population that in the actual condition of world trade and the continual growth of the self-sufficing state in world politics that the old shibboleth that the consumer always pays is no longer universally valid, and that therefore a moderate ear-marked tariff will do little or no harm to the consumer while putting agriculture on a sound footing and incidentally benefiting the nation and himself. Practically all the foreign markets of the world to-day are monopolistic. If then there is one market like the English in which the entry of a particular commodity is free or only subject to a 10 per cent. duty and everywhere else the duties or market tolls are 30 per cent. or more, the first-named market can put on or raise its tariff to 25 per cent. and the foreign producer will still be obliged to send his goods in the same quantities to this particular market, because there is no cheaper market to which to send them. This truth has recently received practical confirmation. The Argentine producer is quite certain that he will have to pay the whole of the ¾d. a lb. duty recently imposed and his contention is endorsed by the Argentine paper, *La Prensa*, which specifically states that the new tax will fall on the producers, while, to go some way to meet the new import, the Argentine Government are giving a bonus to the exporters of over £1,000,000. The comments on this point of such an orthodox free trade paper as the *Manchester Guardian* are illuminating

"The long and hard fight which the Argentine meat industry has put up is a sufficient indication . . . that these very shrewd people have a definite idea of where some at any rate of the burden is going to fall."

(2) Undoubtedly the chief obstacle to a proper development of English agriculture and the resettlement of her half-deserted countryside is the persistence of another threadbare doctrine of the "fundamentalist" free trader, whose dogmas no longer are universally applicable to present-day conditions. I allude to the doctrine that if

anyone bought from everyone else in the cheapest market, we should all gain by, so to say, taking in each other's washing. But its validity is considerably curtailed by the fact that during the last thirty years the nations have moved farther and farther away from the practice of the free exchange of goods. This is not benighted stupidity as our insular free traders would like us to believe. Other nations have considered that from the national point of view to look at the question from the single point of *wealth* is insufficient, and that it is essential to look at it from the point of national *welfare* as well. Of what avail, they ask themselves, is the accumulation of riches if men, and especially men in the countryside, decay? Our older economists thought there was no decay, but if one business was unremunerative there was always another job going. One of their greatest pundits, the late Professor Cannon, asserted only four or five years ago in *The Times* that if agriculture was unremunerative people should go into something else. He did not specify what! Unfortunately, there is often nothing else to go into. Even in spite of the present boom there are over 1,500,000 unemployed. Moreover, since this famous doctrine was formulated the higher standard of living and wages has made competition with countries with lower standards of living, and sweated or starvation wages, still more difficult, quite apart from tariff restrictions. Every nation wants to do its own manufacturing to-day. Things have come to such a pass that money spent by England abroad is by no means certain to come back to this country as it was supposed to come back ultimately by a purchase of fresh English goods. So if the balance of trade with any particular country is against us, and the question of indebtedness does not arise, it is by no means certain that the Runciman idea of 9d. for 4d. trade with Denmark is really sound, especially if the English exporter finds, as he has on some occasions, his money held up in Denmark.

But this is not the worst. A large amount of the English money goes on to Germany which will only trade with Denmark on a £ to £ basis; after that it often goes no further but remains congealed in the form of frozen credits.

Of course, it's not exactly lost, any more than the Captain's kettle was, which the sailor had accidentally dropped over the side, because the Captain had told him a thing was not lost if you knew where it was. But in the light of these facts this particular Black Pact can only be described as sheer Runci*mania*.

Even if the old theory were right, and the money ultimately did return, the English money that goes to Denmark is here only turned over once, until it comes back, whereas money spent in this country is *turned over many times*, and every time it is, the country or locality profits from the operation, and labour is employed, not once but several times. This is the great argument against indiscriminate rationalization, a thing which, where the interests of the locality are concerned, Germany is very slow to sanction. The closing in a small town of a little factory paying perhaps £1,000 a week in wages means all the difference between prosperity and stagnation or even depression to the district. It may mean bigger dividends to individuals who are already wealthy but if systematically carried out may result in the creation of depressed areas as large even as Durham or South Wales, and the difference for thousands of persons between finding an honest livelihood or scraping along or going on the dole. Mr. Gladstone once spoke of leaving money to fructify in the pockets of the people; a policy of leaving English money to fructify in the pockets of the people of a locality would result in the best English market being found to be the *home market*, of a revived countryside and prosperous agriculture with a population spending many pounds per head on English goods, not a few shillings, as is the case in many European countries. Of course, let us have as much really free, not one-sided, trade as we can have, and real, genuine reciprocity, but I am convinced a vigorous policy of rural revival and reconstruction, of back to the land, resettlement of England, call it what you will, will prove by far the best means of curing unemployment and de-congestioning our urban centres, which have already passed from the stage of the polis, as someone has said, to that of Megalopolis and with only the final stage of Necropolis

before them. I have no room here to outline how this can be done. I can only refer the thoughtful to the **Revival of Agriculture* published by the Rural Reconstruction Association and †" Your Road to Prosperity," a masterly pamphlet by Sir Ch. Fielding, formerly Director-General of Food Production, in both of which are to be found perfectly feasible and practical proposals for putting at least another 500,000 men and their families on the land, and keeping our urban population busy in supplying them with manufactured goods.

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*The Revival of Agriculture. (Allen & Unwin.)
†Your Road to Prosperity. (The Okehurst Co., Billingshurst, Sussex.)

Hitler and Nietzsche

By Anthony M. Ludovici

II

THE feature which chiefly marks the pronounced social change in National Socialist Germany is the new attitude towards manual labour and the working man, and the latter's new consciousness of his importance and dignity, in both of which matters the National Socialists have displayed considerable skill and psychological insight. The notion of making the spade, not the symbol of a class but of a service—a service to which every German, " Duke's son, Cook's son, son of a belted Earl ", is supposed to belong for a certain length of time—was an excellent one. As the Führer said on the 10th September last, every German can now " look back and think with emotion of that period in his life when, irrespective of his class, origin or standing, he, with others of his countrymen, performed the same work, wore the same uniform, and bore the same weapon of work, calling them all his own."

This elevation of common physical labour above the plane of a mere bread-winning fatigue ; this promotion of the sweat of men's brows to the rank of blood spilt in national defence, raised at one stroke the dignity and reward of labour above the price it could command. In fact, it divorced the whole question of wages from the kind and extent of the work done. For, as the Führer stated in his proclamation at the recent Parteitag : " It is not the wage or its amount that now counts."

All this is reminiscent of Nietzsche who, in the 'eighties of last century, wrote : " Workmen should learn to regard their duties as soldiers do. They receive emoluments, incomes, but they get no wages ! There is no relationship between work done and money received ; the individual should, according to his kind, be so placed as to perform the highest that is compatible with his powers."

But for such an aim to have been realized, a fundamental change had to come over the country. Work had to be transvalued. The ideas associated with the meanest work required to be linked up and drawn aloft on to the plane of national duty, love of country, and heroism and

self-sacrifice on the field of battle. And if this transvaluation has been so successfully accomplished that no worker in Germany now doubts that "work ennobles," it is chiefly to Adolf Hitler and his inspiration that the change is due. Amid the chaos of modern capitalistic exploitation, with its impersonal, almost abstract masters, standing aloof and not knowing or seeing the worker, it was no easy task to create a bond between the labourer and his work which had some of the feeling that bound the worker of former times to his employer. Nor was it simple, in a cynical humorous age like the present, to build up a reverence for the shouldered symbol of the new order, which is a common navvy's spade. But both these feats have been accomplished in modern Germany. Nietzsche's ideal of the workman as a soldier drawing emoluments which bear no relation to the value and honour of his service has been fulfilled, and his implement, the spade, is now the most respected symbol in the nation.

This does not claim to be more than a rapid sketch of the common ground between Nietzscheism and National Socialism*; but even as a tenuous outline it would be incomplete if I were to omit all mention of the attitude of the Führer and National-Socialism to Women.

This has been much debated in England, and some time before I paid my first visit to the new Germany I opened two public discussions in London on this very subject. At both these meetings I found the same errors and misunderstandings rife, which, according to my experience, cling like burrs to the Woman Problem in modern England—the idea that a man cannot more convincingly demonstrate his friendliness to women than by moving every power on earth to give them occupations and pastimes which a former generation associated only with men, and the idea that a man cannot more frankly avow his hostility to the female sex than by doing everything possible to secure for women an early marriage, children and domestic duties.

On both occasions I stood on a platform before an audience composed preponderatingly of young women and

* See the article by the same author in the January issue of *The English Review*.

girls, and was told by my feminist opponent in the debate that I was only advocating a life of domesticity and motherhood for women because I was either jealous of women's competition or else standing as the spokesman of other jealous men.

In such an atmosphere, and amid such errors it is not surprising that Hitler's attitude is distorted and disfigured over here. And when, on 11th September, Hitler told an audience of over 20,000 German women and female visitors from abroad that " Foreigners say women are oppressed in Germany, trodden underfoot, enslaved and given no freedom and no equality of rights," he was entirely justified. " But," he continued, " we reply, what some regard as a yoke, others regard as a blessing ; what some conceive as heavenly, others stigmatize as the very product of hell . . . an infinite field of labour lies open to women. Because for us woman has at all times been the most faithful workmate and life-mate of man. They tell us : ' You wish to drive women out of the professions ! ' No ! I aspire only to giving her as many opportunities as possible to marry and to have children, because in that capacity she performs the highest service for her nation. Even if to-day we should find a woman lawyer doing most valuable work, and next door to her a mother with five, six, or seven children, who are all healthy and well brought up ; then I say that, from the standpoint of the eternal worth of our people, she who has borne and brought up those children, and has thus assured our nation life in the future, has done much more, and much more valuable work."

And then he made the following profoundly wise statement : " A sound National Government must regard it as their duty to afford every man and woman the opportunity of winning the choice of their hearts, or at least facilitate their so doing. We are striving to effect this end through legislative means, above all by rearing up sound stocks. But, in addition to this purely legislative machinery, we have bestowed a further gift on women, in that we are training the male youth of the country, the menfolk of the future, for the German woman, for the German maiden."

This concentration upon an ideal of woman as wife,

mother and domestic mate, and this conviction that only thus can woman secure happiness and health, is in harmony not only with Nietzsche's views, but also with the latest findings of science. But while Nietzsche relied only on his extraordinarily sound judgment when he threw in his stake on the side of anti-Feminism (which should on no account be confused with misogyny), the National-Socialist leader has now, in supporting a similar standpoint, the whole of enlightened modern science behind him.

We now know that the penalty paid by women for renouncing normal functioning, i.e., motherhood and all that it involves, or even for curtailing its duration, as in family limitation, is very severe indeed; and when we reckon up the contribution of the Feminist eras in history to the culture and work of the world, and the vast amount of it that is merely either the duplication of mediocre men's work, or else an inferior emulation of it, we may well ask ourselves whether the pain and suffering women endure through the sterility or partial sterility, imposed by modern Feminist conditions, is justified by their contribution to the non-domestic life of the community, and therefore whether their virtual sacrifice is worth while.

The Führer thinks it is not. He thinks that on balance Feminism means a loss to the nation that tolerates it. Nietzsche thought the same.

"Would any link be missing in the whole chain of science or art," Nietzsche asks, "if woman, if woman's work, were excluded from it? Woman now writes, she now paints, she is losing her instincts. And to what purpose, if one may ask such a question?"

Again he says: "To be mistaken in the fundamental problem of 'man and woman,' to deny here the profoundest antagonism and the necessity for an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal training, equal claims and obligations: that is a *typical* sign of shallow-mindedness; and a thinker who has proved himself shallow at this dangerous spot—shallow in instinct!—may generally be regarded as suspicious, nay more, as betrayed, as exposed! . . . Certainly, there are enough idiotic friends and corrupters of women amongst the learned

asses of the masculine sex, who advise woman to de-feminize herself in this manner, and to imitate all the stupidities from which 'man' in Europe, European 'manliness' suffers—who would like to lower women to 'general culture,' indeed even to newspaper reading and meddling in politics!"

What did Nietzsche understand by tenderness, chivalry? towards women? Precisely what the Führer understands, i.e., providing her with the means whereby she may function normally as a mother and a wife. All else he condemned as cruelty to women, no matter how ingeniously it decked itself out in pro-feminine frills and furbelows. And modern science is showing him to have been a thousand times right.

All real friends of woman—and this cannot be stated too often or too emphatically—have always assumed this position. And if the actual enemies of women have yet to be unmasked in England and recognized as the body of Feminists, male and female, who for over a hundred years, with ever-increasing noise and self-righteous bluster, have been advocating Birth Control, masculine careers for girls, female emancipation, and interests outside the home even for married women, it is merely because this country is still stubbornly disinclined to bend her head from the clouds and adopt a biological attitude towards humanity.

Hitler believes, as Nietzsche did, that the women of a country are what their menfolk make them. They do what their menfolk expect of them, and become the apes of their men's ideal. If, then, the women of a country strain after interests outside the home and are happy only when they are disporting themselves as men, it is to their menfolk that they ultimately owe their inspiration. This can be proved of any country in which Feminism has flourished.

"It is men who corrupt women," declared Nietzsche, "and everything that women lack should be atoned for and improved in men—for man creates for himself the ideal of woman, and woman moulds herself to this ideal. . . . We must educate men better."

Fifty—thirty years ago this was still impossible. The error of Feminism could not then have been shown

conclusively to be biologically unsound. To-day, however, science itself has given the anti-Feminist his best arguments.

If any doubt still remained concerning the fundamental similarity between Nietzscheism and much that is now advocated and put into practice by the National Socialists of Germany and their gifted leader—and I do not claim to have called attention to all the common ground between them—it would be necessary only to call attention to the rumblings of discontent which have been discernible in the two leading Churches of the Third Reich.

It is impossible here to deal with the phenomenon as a whole, but let it suffice to glance at one or two facts connected with the Evangelical section of the nation, and comment on their significance. To this end it will be necessary first to consider a certain prominent figure in German governing circles who, there can be little doubt, has played a prominent part in shaping National Socialist policy.

This man, Alfred Rosenberg by name, a native of the Baltic provinces and brought up on the Russian border amid the ferment of revolutionary ideas and movements, was from his earliest manhood in a position to acquire first-hand knowledge of both Bolshevism and Communism. When he came to Germany at the end of the War, his aim was to preserve his native land from Communistic infection, and soon after the November revolt of 1918 he was introduced to Hitler through Dietrich Eckart, and became the Editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*. From the very start he helped to build up the National Socialist German Labour Party, and in 1923 marched with Hitler, Ludendorff, Goering and Roehm to the Feldherrnhalle. He did not forsake the Führer in his hour of need and, after the latter's return from the Fort of Landsberg, provided him with a new speaking-tube to the German people in the form of the *National Socialist Gazette*.

Now, in April, 1933, Alfred Rosenberg was appointed Foreign Secretary, and very soon afterwards, in February, 1934, was made head of the department in charge of the Education and Training of the Party Leaders. Meanwhile, however, i.e., in 1930, he had already published an important book, *Der Mythus des 20ten Jahrhunderts*, in which he had

outlined at least his own attitude to religion, politics and culture ; and this book which, by-the-bye, is on the *index librorum vetitorum*, became identified to a great extent with the ideology of National Socialism.

It is an extraordinary work, largely inspired by both Lagarde and Nietzsche, and it has sold in hundreds of thousands of copies. In time it was actually ordered by Kuft, the Minister of Education, to be placed in the libraries of all the higher schools in Germany.

It is not possible here to give any adequate summary of its contents. My own view, however, is that, properly understood, it is to a very large extent no more than a reasoned advocacy of Lagarde's proposed pedagogic reforms and of Nietzsche's leading eugenic and pre-Socratic values. It contains a good deal besides, but for the present purpose this description will suffice.

Needless to say, it provoked a storm of indignation, and the literature that has accumulated about it is already so extensive as to be wholly unwieldy. Dr. Walter Künneth, who made an elaborate reply to it on behalf of the Evangelical Church in 1935, was forestalled by numerous lesser attempts, among which I may mention those of the Rev. Heinrich Huffmeier (1934), J. Witte (1934), Helmuth Schreiner (1933) and many others.

The Party officially declined all responsibility for the personal religious views expressed in the *Mythus*, although it happened to be the work of one of their own members, and a very prominent one to boot. Seeing, however, that Rosenberg is now the head of the Education and Training Centre for the Party, the Evangelical Church refuses to accept the professed independence of his opinions and constantly returns to the charge, claiming that the principles of Christianity are assailed not merely by his treatise but also by much that he says in public and much that is said and done by his friends in the Government.

For instance, on 23rd August of this year, the Bruderrat of the Bekenntnis-Synode of the German Evangelical Church, and the Provisional Controlling Board of the German Evangelical Church, issued to their congregations a striking manifesto, in which they declared that Germany

now stands at the parting of the ways and that, "upon her decision now hangs the question whether the Christian Faith is any longer to continue to have the rights of citizenship in Germany." It went on to say that "the Gospel of Christ is to-day being assailed throughout the land with a vehemence and pertinacity never experienced before," and that "powerful forces in the State and in the National Socialist Party are concentrating on opposing the Gospel of Jesus Christ and all those who uphold it."

"Every Sunday in the year," the manifesto proceeds, "prayers are offered up both for the Führer and the Fatherland. Three years ago millions of evangelical Germans greeted the new beginning in the life of our people with the utmost enthusiasm. And they did so all the more gladly seeing that in its first proclamation of 1st February, 1933, the Government of the Reich declared that it would undertake steadfastly to protect Christianity as the basis of the nation's moral life."

"Nevertheless," say the writers of the manifesto, "Departments of State in Germany are turning against the Gospel of Jesus Christ . . . we have remained silent too long." And they go on to remind their readers how, in April, 1935, a memorial was forwarded by the German Evangelical Church to the Führer himself, deploring the fact that things had gone so far in Germany "that the honour of German citizens is now being trodden in the dust, because they are Christians" . . . and that "because of their faith in Jesus Christ they are scoffed and jeered at in every possible way—in the Press, on the Stage, in the lecture hall and at public meetings."

A further memorial on the same subject was forwarded to the Führer by the same Board this year, and all its claims were supported by evidence at every point. The members of the Bruderrat, moreover, declare that they took every precaution to maintain absolute secrecy about it, even concealing it from the various departments of their section of the Church, and it was in spite of this that reports of the document appeared in the foreign Press.

It is not possible in the space at my disposal to give the reader any idea of the nature of this Evangelical indictment

of the National Socialist régime; but I may be given an opportunity of dealing with it on another occasion.

My present argument is, however, best served not by quoting the actual details of the Evangelical protest, but merely by emphasizing the fact that such a protest has been made; because, to my mind, the indignation displayed by certain sections of the Evangelical community denotes the recognition by them of the important part Nietzsche's thought plays in the National Socialist Party.

Nevertheless, the fact that the Führer himself is a Catholic, that his Party undertook in 1933 to protect the Christian Faith in Germany, and that a considerable section of the Evangelical congregations still appear to be contented with the régime, should warn us against regarding the Nietzscheism of modern Germany as wholly consistent and thoroughgoing. It is much more prone to be eclectic and fragmentary, concentrating rather on Nietzsche's positive biological ideals in regard to man than on the negative and purely destructive aspects of his teaching. We should, in sooth, be nearer the mark if we concluded, in so far as Evangelical Christianity is concerned, that the crimes of the National Socialists consist not so much in their literal application of Nietzsche's teaching, as a whole, as in their wholehearted acceptance of his pre-Socratic values. The difference is an important one, and, as I see it, probably fundamental. For I venture to suggest that it is to a large extent paralleled by the difference between primitive and developed Christianity (in Newman's sense).

As I have pointed out above, Socrates effected a complete breach with the past. It was inevitably to prove most difficult to go back to pre-Socratic values after him. The biological attitude towards man was to a great extent moribund thenceforward. But Aristotle made a very serious and determined effort to revive it by combating the extreme consequences of Socratic dualism. Indeed, some say that this was the very spring of his life-work. Now, Aristotle was essentially the thinker of the developed Church and of the scholastic system, just as Socrates and St. Paul were the thinkers of primitive Christianity. Hence, possibly, as I see it, the many features of mediaeval life

which conflict with the Socratic values. Protestantism, however, was decidedly a swing back to Socrates. To Luther, Aristotle was " insolently opposed to divine grace, and consequently to God." Had he not been of flesh and blood, Luther declared, he would have thought him the Devil. In May, 1517, Luther wrote to his friend Lange : " Aristotle is tottering, and is on the point of collapsing for ever," and he declared that Aristotle's ethics rested on a purely human foundation, and was consequently to be rejected. In 1521, before a large congregation at Erfurt, he spoke of Aristotle as " the enemy of God," and until his death always regarded him as his " greatest adversary."

This attitude coloured the whole of Protestant thought which was to a great extent a return to primitive Christianity and Socrates. Thus Nietzscheism, which in one of its aspects is an attempt to restore pre-Socratic values, is sympathetic to Aristotle and, as any reader of Nietzsche knows, contains many attacks on Socrates and the Socratics. In addition, however, Protestantism was essentially a return to the Bible, and thence to the teachings and atmosphere of early Israelitish history. The Patriarchs Abraham and Jacob became, under Protestantism, the real heroes of the schoolchild. And here it is that Lagarde comes in with his strong antipathy to this very element in modern education. But, just as Lagarde did not cease to be intensely religious while maintaining this attitude on pedagogics, so, we must remember, there is nothing essentially anti-Christian in upholding Aristotle. If Catholicism to-day seems in many respects to sponsor a Reformed, Liberal and Socratic teaching, this is not because such a teaching is traditional in the Church, but because, in its conflicts with Reformed Christianity, it has inevitably been influenced by its opponent's tenets, just as English Conservatism has through the decades of Party politics become infected with Liberalism.

We are, therefore, entitled to infer that although protests from the Evangelical Church in Germany, and even from the Holy Catholic Church there, confirm the suspicion that the influence on National Socialism of both Lagarde and Nietzsche is far-reaching and profound, it does not

necessarily follow that the National Socialists are on that account alone anti-Christian. On the same principle one might try to argue that they must be in favour of an aristocratic form of government, and opposed to Socialism, or that they must be anti-Wagnerians and admirers only of Latin music and literature.

I suggest that all the protests of Evangelicalism and Catholicism mean is merely that in National Socialism we are confronted by another Reformed Christianity—a Christianity deliberately being purged of much of the acquired Socraticism which is unessential to it, and is hostile to a biological attitude towards humanity—and an educational programme liberated, or on the way to becoming liberated, from the pronounced influence of a foreign people's early history, an influence which, as none can deny, tends to stamp on the minds of the young in Protestant countries the values and images of a gallery of heroes who, marvellous and edifying though they may be, are too often allowed to overshadow both in the memory and folklore of a Christian people all knowledge of their native worthies.

Hence, I submit, the frequent coupling of the names of Lagarde and Nietzsche by those leading members of the National Socialist Party who are responsible for the outlook and sentiments of modern Germany, and hence, too, the consistency of Nietzschean and Lagardian influence in National Socialism with an attitude still friendly to Christianity although, perhaps, it would be extravagant to hope that the Evangelical Church of Germany should be able to see the matter precisely in this light.

Craftsmen

By Gilbert R. Keen

[*The writer is a skilled cabinet maker now managing a timber industry on a West Country estate.*]

A good deal has been written lately about the value of craftsmen. By craftsmen, I mean men skilled in the art of producing something by the aid of tools and manual dexterity. Perhaps it should be added to make the definition complete, that the thing produced should be a cultural achievement in itself, and capable of expressing the workman's character, and not be just a meaningless cog for a corporate machine.

It is recognized that craftsmen in the past built up the high standard of British productions, and that such work is now being imitated by machinery. The finished products of these craftsmen were perfect in their mind's eye before they ever took shape under their hands, and it is this partnership of hand and mind which is being dissolved by the spread of mass-production.

It has been said that by the year 3000 the legs of civilized man will be as the legs of birds, for mechanization of modern life is depriving them of their natural exercise. The same may be uttered regarding the fate of man's hands and arms, for every year sees more and more of the use of our limbs thrown into unemployment by mechanical inventions which multiply, with dull exactness, copies of the same thing. Artificial efforts are being made to overcome this, it is true. Already we discuss nervous diseases and physical fitness without considering that such topics of conversation are a reflection on our whole economic system. Soon our industrial employees will be demanding leisure in order to remake by hand the products of the machines they have been attending all day.

Mass-production and sameness lacks originality and beauty, and these copies of the same things are not only causing physical degeneration, but they are creating a bad mental or psychological effect on the community; I hope that, sooner or later, those responsible for giving work through the medium of purchase, or having work done, will revolt against such productions. The sooner this

practice becomes general, the better, otherwise it may be too late. Soon there will be no craftsmen left, and no system available to give the essential training in the various crafts.

As things are to-day this is a serious problem, for craftsmen are made, not born. It takes five years' training under a fully experienced workman as an apprentice, two years as an improver, and if exceptionally smart at the end of these periods such young craftsmen may be able to execute any ordinary job connected with their trade. It, however, has to be remembered that in technical work, as in business—" all is well when it goes well "—but it takes a thoroughly experienced man to rectify mistakes, and make good as if nothing had gone wrong.

In years gone by, father and son, father and son, carried onward the various crafts without the aid of Government-supported technical or handicraft schools. It was a rule, and at one time a very strict rule, that sons followed the trade of their fathers. By this system of training, sons looked to their fathers with respect, and the fathers handed down to their sons the valuable knowledge, trade secrets, and advice gained after long years of toil and experience. So it was that from the earliest stages of training the sons became imbued with pride and love for their trade.

I might mention that one of the Leeds firms, which had the highest reputation in this country for executing sound, high-class work of its kind, is now gone. It was this firm that made the second-to-none brown oak panelling in the dining-room of the mansion house on the estate where I am employed. Owing, so I have been told, to the demand for mass-produced articles, which they found they could not make, they failed financially. I often wonder what has become of the three hundred highly skilled craftsmen employed by this firm. I suppose they have been less lucky than I have been, and become submerged in the ruthless commercialism of the North. They may have given in to Fate and lost their virtue, or kept their pride and become agitators against the system. The old ones, perhaps, are dead, and they would think themselves the happier for it if they could see the trash about them to-day.

As an example of the disappearance of craftsmen I would like to refer to the Gloucestershire village in which I was born. When I was a boy there were in the village :

	3 Blacksmiths
	2 Harness and Saddle Makers
	2 Boot and Shoe Makers
	5 Carpenters
	5 Masons, including one Slater and Plasterer
Total	17

To-day there are :

	1 Carpenter
	2 Masons
Total	3

So far as I can remember, there were less out of work in the village then than to-day. The population was certainly larger. The depression here to-day is evidently due to the general tendency on the part of purchasers to go to town or send to town, for things they need, or for work requiring to be done, instead of encouraging and supporting local craftsmen and/or their sons.

The work of man's hands can be seen at every turn of the head, and it does not require an expert to separate a well-made article from an inferior one. The lasting properties of various natural products, such as English oak, certain kinds of local stone, and other durable products of nature, may be boomed, but the ancient works made of such materials would not be with us to-day were it not for craftsmanship. No doubt if one could but ascertain, it would be found that the men who wrought these ancient works could neither read nor write, but they knew their job. Seasoned material and seasoned knowledge makes a lasting production, and it is a great pity that seasoned

knowledge is disappearing. Not only is this knowledge going by the disappearance of the craftsmen themselves, but still more from the absence of their patrons. Those that used to take interest in and demand the best in seasoned material and seasoned knowledge, have gone. To-day, the essential factors in sound production are not perceivable to those who are not acquainted with production, hence there are very many purchasers to-day who are led into the idea that because they have procured an article elaborate in appearance that they have got the best. This is far from being the right idea, as time and acquaintance with such purchases inevitably confirms.

It may be said that some requirements do not call for the work of highly skilled craftsmen. This may be correct, but the man who has had a thorough training looks upon this elementary work as easy, and does it in half the time taken by the man who has not been properly trained. The untrained man is only on an equal with work of ordinary requirements, and when called upon to execute a job above this elementary class, he is slow, nervous, always afraid of making mistakes. In my estimation the reason for the general complaint that tradesmen* are so slow to-day is the lack of thorough training, as to how to set about work to get it done quickly. Also, much harm is done by the interference of those in authority who are only theorists, and perhaps not that. Whenever numbers congregate, the administrative mind with its slick superficiality oppresses the productive genius. A skilled craftsman, in the majority of cases, is a very sensitive person, and if he is interfered with by inexperienced people, he loses all interest in his work, and instead of rendering good service he will slack off. I have mentioned this because it was a strict rule of the seventy-year-old principal of the Leeds firm to which I referred earlier, and in which I derived much of my later training, that no one but the works manager should interfere with the men or production. There could never have been a happier lot of craftsmen working from morning to night, week in, week out, without murmur.

Then there were apprentices. To-day these apprentices

*The word is used in its rural sense, meaning one who has learned a trade.

are gone. The lure of an errand boy's wages is responsible, in some cases, the general impatience of the age for money in most. Even charities left in villages for apprenticing boys are often used for other purposes, and I have heard of cases where they have been put to the rates.

All countries have producers and non-producers, but in this country the education authorities are giving every encouragement to non-producers by encouraging all intelligent boys towards secondary education—mathematics, history, geography, French, Latin, chemistry, physics, and the rest. Such boys, at the age of 16 to 19, if successful at their examinations, are perhaps further encouraged to go on for training as teachers, or into other non-producing professions. As to those who fail in the examinations, they are too old and too "well educated" to turn to manual labour or manual training. What of the boys who might be producers? There is no State help for them. It may be said that there are technical schools, handicraft centres, and the like, where boys may learn a trade. But where, and by whom, are they to be taught? Town boys may have this privilege, but not country boys. As regards teachers, the latest instructions issued by the City & Guilds of London Institute, Department of Technology, is that all handicraft teachers have to pass an examination equal to the secondary schools' Oxford or Cambridge examinations; and that all teachers not possessing this qualification will have to pass such examination if they wish to remain as teachers or instructors. This will obviously obliterate the majority of fully-trained craftsmen who are at present teaching, and so make way for men, probably youths, who undoubtedly will have had no practical experience, for which they will get approximately £400 per annum of the rate or taxpayers' money. Theory is the main object of these technical schools; but all the theory in the world will not make a boy practical if he has no practical experience. To this I would add with a perfectly unbiased mind that I had in my younger days all the theoretical teaching money could buy, from men who had actually worked at their craft, and who in advanced years gave up their trade for teaching. Nevertheless, for what I am worth as a

craftsman, the foundation of my ability was learned on the estate on which I now work, and it was this, and not the theoretical teaching, which made me a craftsman.

Anyone who has seen the commercial life of this country, or has travelled overseas, will know that the commodities dealt with are the work of producers, and if the bulk is of good, high standard quality, its value is higher, and results better for all. Moreover, it is only in the sale of high quality commodities that we have a real advantage over the rest of the world. I would conclude with the plea that we should encourage purchasers of articles and work to support craftsmen's products, and local craftsmen; that we should make the authorities concerned in the allotment of funds for secondary schools (technical schools) make some allotment for the apprenticeship of boys to reliable firms or persons in town and country. At least, such boys would receive a practical training under the existing craftsmen that are left. Such a system would not only ease cost of production, but the apprentices would at once be brought face to face with practical work—helping to produce something of commercial value, and not wasting their time making valueless articles, as is the case in technical schools. If the outlook of the country is not yet ripe in this regard, I would ask a personal question:

I have two sons, and am by duty bound to look to them and their future careers, but in view of what I have written regarding the state of craftsmanship, and the future system of training, and the type of instructors to be, shall I be doing justice to my sons by encouraging them to be craftsmen?

The Trend of Finance

By Collin Brooks

ALTHOUGH more and more commentators are giving voice to the doubts expressed in these pages two months ago that British recovery can long maintain itself on its present precarious basis, few believe that 1937 can be anything other than a boom year.

The Economist, in its first issue of the New Year, said :—

> "The danger of the New Year is not so much "that the process of recovery may come to an end "as that it may get out of control and create a "situation that will sooner or later end in a fresh "catastrophe. A steady pace now would be the "best safeguard against a dangerous reaction."

The implication of my article of 1st December was that a steady pace cannot ensure freedom from dangerous reaction.

What has to be grasped before any sound deductions about the future trading and financial position of Britain can be made is that these islands depend for their very existence upon the volume of necessary imports which throng the ports day by day. At the average price level of 1936 the nation took about £1,900,000 of retained imports each day last year. We may say that of that figure £1,000,000 worth was absolutely necessary to the survival of the 47,000,000 or more mouths that have to be fed and the 47,000,000 backs that have to be clothed.

Those necessary imports are the base and *finale* of all economic consideration.

In Adam-Smithsonian theory any rise in British imports should provide other nations with sufficient purchasing power and incentive to give Britain a rising export trade after a very short time-lag. In trading practice these things do not work with the slick inevitability of philosophic cause and effect.

The theory of the multiple bargain among nations was never sound. The miracle is that it for so long befooled the old-fashioned Liberal statesmen. Because Britain puts money into the pockets of a supplier there is no guarantee whatsoever that any linking of bargains among

nations will cause Britain herself sooner or later to receive an order. Because Britain has bought corn from Canada, and Canada has bought thereby radio sets from the United States, and the United States has bought silk from Japan, there is no reason why Japan should buy battleships from Britain. She may buy them from her own shipyards with the material imported from India. The time-lag between British imports and the supposedly consequential export may stretch to infinity.

At the present moment we are seeing an unprecedented recovery in commodities. The primary countries are revelling in funds, whereas but a year ago they were virtually fundless. The commodities we are compelled to buy both to sustain our manufacturing population and to provide raw material for our manufacturers are showing in the national trading balance at an inflated figure compared bulk for bulk with previous years. Even if it were certain that our exports could eventually incorporate that extra cost as selling price and could continue to sell, it would take a very long time, certainly twelve months, for the export balance to receive the same benefit from a purely monetary change in values. We must then face a rising ratio between imports and exports on values alone. Added to this is the extra import which always follows a rise in our domestic prosperity, caused by the British habit of expending personal surpluses on foreign luxuries like tobacco, canned exotic fruits, cheap foreign-made musical instruments and cars and the like.

The only counter-trend to be seen is that which should normally follow the increased demand of the recovered and recovering commodity countries for British goods. The doubt is that it will now follow as it followed in past generations. Our chief competitors, Japan and Germany, are not trading normally, whereas our manufacturers will have to alter their export prices to allow for increased labour and material costs. The year 1936 was notable for its swift rises in wages obtained without stoppages, and 1937 may be equally notable. If there are in 1937 stoppages that were avoided—by the payment of wage-danegeld—that will mean further increased cost by lowered

turnover. But Germany, operating under a Totalitarian system with Dr. Schacht exploiting in a new way the old barbaric barter, and Japan, producing at cheap labour costs, will not be so burdened. The probability is, therefore, that Britain must continue to pay more for labour and materials at a time when her rivals are intent upon keeping their own export prices down.

Once the import–export adverse balance becomes abnormally high, the £ must suffer. If the purchasing power of the £ falls, our daily £1,000,000 of necessary imports shoots upwards. Because it shoots upwards, the vicious circle is given another impetus.

No " steady pace " as far as one can see would prevent this from happening, although it might thrust forward on the calendar the day of absolute reckoning. The real problem is, whether or not in the hands of the British authorities, Treasury and Bank, there are new artificialities which can be applied successfully against the artificial trade methods, or what we consider the artificial trade methods, of our competitors in foreign markets.

Britain is bound to buy, both by the nature of her population and by the needs of her rearmament campaign. Her potential customers are neither bound to buy, nor bound to buy from Britain. Britain is bound to buy at rising prices. Other nations can more easily diminish their buying, stop buying or neglect the normal price factor in order to achieve some special bargain.

To a statesman or an economist of twenty years ago this would have seemed a crazy setting out of even an imaginary position. To a statesman or an economist of fifty years ago it would have seemed palpable madness. But to-day it is the fact.

Germany is the best example of how other competitive nations are placed. Her people are well disciplined. They apparently delight to tighten their belts. They do not resist the most awkward currency restrictions. Germany has not scrupled to default, and having defaulted has not scrupled to make the debt a lever to new trade. Such has been the Schacht technique in the Balkans. Her prime need is for a certain amount of foreign exchange to buy

certain requisites. This she is prepared to obtain not by merely selling under our cost level, but under her own. Wages and profit are alike subjugated to the political policy of her governors.

With this kind of competitor against her in world markets, Britain cannot by merely steadying her pace save herself from a strong reaction from her present artificial boom condition. She must do something more.

Ingenious minds have devised different currency systems whereby Britain could use an internal and an external currency unit, the £ sterling at home and a "Lex" or "Rex" or some other standard unit abroad. Unfortunately, the trading mind shares with the political mind a dislike of currency jugglery, and in any event the business of instituting a new currency system would not be swift, and might not improve British credit during the process.

Whether or not the £ as we know it can be held by joint action against a damaging trend no man can say. Hitherto Paris and Washington have happened to concur with London when a big effort has had to be made to keep currencies relatively steady against a stream which would normally have swept one of them down the gulfs. But if Britain for any reason desired a cheap £ at a time when Washington for equally urgent reasons wanted a cheap dollar, the struggle might be disastrous. Even if a cheap £ were feasible as a means of giving a secret bounty to British exports, the reaction after a very short interval on the price of raw materials would be compensatingly bad.

As I stressed two months ago, and as has since been emphasized in the House of Commons, one of the prime difficulties is that many manufacturers do not want export business. They prefer to pick up the plums that fall from the rich man's table in Whitehall to garnering hedge-sides and ditches.

It is thus highly probable that the Exchequer and the Board of Trade may have to face the necessity not for a cheap £ or an active Exchange Equalization Defence Fund, but for downright, unashamed bounties.

To put the matter more bluntly—the British people

may have to reduce their inflated standards of living in order to keep alive. The home consumer may have to be content with less value for money and the supplier of the home market may have to be content with less profit, in order that we may sell abroad at an artificial price in order to command the foreign exchange and the trade balance necessary to our needs.

It is true that since this magazine last appeared the Bank has some £65,000,000 more gold which can be released against an adverse visible balance of trade, but we know too well what a severe exodus of gold does to a nation. If anybody imagines that in the present complex trading world an outflow of gold can solve all troubles, he deceives himself.

The more the situation is examined, the more boldly does the terrible dilemma of Mr. Chamberlain display itself. To consent to a bountification of exports, to consent to higher and higher import duties, to consent to a cheap £—all these mean a contraction of trade. They mean a diminution of the taxable surface upon which the high standard rates now operate. They mean diminishing tax yield at a time when a high yield is necessary to make colossal expenditures at erratic moments possible.

In the long run it will be better for everybody if the politicians take the bold course. Since we are a nominal democracy, those who conduct trade and finance should already be preparing the nation for the individual sacrifices which may have to be made to keep the communal good in existence. An unprepared electorate caught again in the typhoon of a major slump will not thank those who refused to shorten sail in time, even if a brave display of canvas at the wrong time resulted in three hearty polling-booth cheers for the officers.

Canada Recovers

The progress of world recovery may seem to be a little erratic, but its course will show rationally enough to future plotters of the graph. Enough has been written earlier in this survey to indicate that after the investment recovery in Great Britain and the United States, the

" snowball " .effect is now benefiting primary producers. Probably the most promising area in 1937 is the Dominion of Canada.

For some years Canada has seen her major sources of wealth robbed of their potency. The paper mills found themselves completely at the mercy of the American consumer. They had to keep their plants employed as best they could, and they accepted forward contracts on terms that would normally have been ridiculed. A price-fixing clause was not the least of these evils. To-day, newsprint, i.e., the paper on which newspapers are printed, is in such demand that within half a year the industry has passed from a state of feverish anxiety to one of full order books and rising prices. What is more important, the executives of the damaged businesses have shed their slump mentality. Like disciples of Nietzsche, they have become Yea-sayers, which is something very different from the American category of Yes-men. The ratio of rise in timber generally has been startling in its increasing pace. Not newsprint alone, but kraft and other forms of paper are in demand at a time when all other timber users—textiles, plastics, and the like—are clamorous for raw material. The gold mines of Ontario and, though to a less measure, British Columbia, are flourishing. Wheat after the lean years of the cycle is facing an historic price level with anxious forward buying in the face of a prospectively good harvest. Timber, gold and wheat are three very strong cards to hold at a period of commodity boom, and Canada has them.

The only " bear point " in the Canadian outlook is the glut of politicians. Taxes are a tyranny, and a three-fold tyranny. Federal tax, Provincial tax, City tax harass the entrepreneur just as currency experimenters like Premier Aberhart bedevil him. But a genuine boom has a wonderful way of overcoming political evils like excessive and unsound taxation. As prosperity rises and tax yield leaps, the incidence of the imposts lightens. During 1937–38 the Canadian politician may be less heavily felt by industry.

It is not for one moment to be suggested that an indiscriminate buying of Canadian securities is a safe path

to fortune. Far from it. Indiscriminate buying anywhere is a safe road to ruin. Even selective buying in the Dominion has its dangers. But anyone looking for Imperial investments should realize that economically Canada is exceedingly well favoured. If, as seems almost certain, the British rearmament campaign includes large overseas buying the Dominion must benefit more than any other part of the Empire.

It is perhaps not offensive to say that some Canadian enterprises, particularly mining enterprises, have suffered from an early association with American capital. British investors of a generation ago were made timid by the slick Yankee, who was deeply in Canadian promotions. To-day British capital is still shy of Canadian investment on that inherited fear, which now lacks justification. The bolder entry of British surplus capital is, in fact, as much the need of Canada as the renewed need for British labour may shortly be.

Financing Defence

The daily and weekly organs of the Press have continued to make a shuttlecock of Mr. Chamberlain's probable action about financing future rearmament. The bemused citizen is told one day with finality that the project of a defence loan is dead, only to be told from another quarter the next day that the project is not dead but gestating. Apart from market discussion, there has been far too little written and said on the *policy* of such a loan, as apart from the loan as a thing-in-itself. If a nation after some years of neglect is faced with what is virtually capital expenditure should it find the finance from revenue, or from borrowings, and if from borrowings, from the floating debt? That is the question, and nothing else is the question. We are all acquainted with the patriot who, when some fellow citizen confessed to a tardy income tax payment, rose in an inn and roared in his wrath: "The dirty cur, won't pay his share of the Napoleonic war!" We are also acquainted with the Victorian Parliamentarian who asked: "What, sir, has posterity done for us?" There is solid ground somewhere between those two extremes, the democrat

who would spread expenditure not only over all men living, but over generations yet unborn and the rigid generationalist who would suffer to the utmost that posterity may be spared. To a normal mind an increase in the floating debt is as much an increase in debt as an increase in funded debt. A fifteen or twenty year loan designed for use on an avowedly abnormal need would break none, but its beneficiaries would bear it. It would break no sacred principle of finance. It would reassure gilt-edged holders that steep rises in direct taxation would not severely injure their savings, and weaken the value of thrift. It would reassure industry that its own reserves in gilt-edged and its own profits would not suffer such attack. The discouragement of enterprise by a rise of 6d. or 1s. in the standard rate with a comparable rise in surtax would be severe. The effect on enterprise of a loan would be, if anything, that of a stimulant.

Nobody can expect a Chancellor to spoil his own market by premature disclosure of his intentions, but whatever Mr. Chamberlain has decided, or may decide, those about him would do well to make certain that if a loan is offered it is not misconstrued as some desperate breach of all the canons of sound finance. In the meantime, those whose deductions are most likely to be accurate continue to expect a loan immediately after the turn of the financial year.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE year 1937 has begun in a manner which affords ground for both optimism and pessimism. There is the Anglo-Italian agreement on the credit side of the account, while on the other is the nervous condition of German statesmanship, as shown both in respect of the Spanish civil war and of the Dutch Royal marriage. One could wish, however, that the world's leaders had made a New Year resolution not to sing the praises of the particular system of government that has enabled them to get to the top, for such an attitude merely renders them slightly ridiculous. Of course President Roosevelt approves of American democracy, Mr. Baldwin of Parliamentarianism, M. Stalin of Bolshevism, and Herr Hitler of National Socialism, for in different conditions they would not have been where they are to-day. It is rather as if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to announce that he believed in the Church of England, or Sir Walter Citrine in Trade Unionism.

Unfortunately, the defence of their own pet system usually leads these gentlemen to attack that of others, and this applies to the champions of democracy no less than to those of authoritarianism and Communism. A little self-denial in such matters would have a beneficial effect upon the peace of the world, and would also be more dignified. The vast majority of married people believe, or affect to believe, in the virtue of their respective partners in life, but they are not continually proclaiming it to the four winds of Heaven, while hinting by no means obscurely that their neighbours have not the same grounds for satisfaction. It is a pity that the world's statesmen do not observe a like reticence.

The Anglo—Italian Agreement

THE Government is to be congratulated upon the skill and courage with which it has retrieved the situation into which it was led by its attitude towards the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, and its behaviour has been in accordance with the best traditions of British foreign policy.

There has been none of the precipitancy which has too often marked the action of the Foreign Office during recent years, and this return to the old dignified methods is to be welcomed. First the withdrawal of the Sikh guard from the legation at Addis Ababa, then the reduction of the legation to the status of a consulate, and lastly the agreement with Italy: all this is consonant with the spirit of British diplomacy in the days of the great Foreign Secretaries.

Those who looked for a sensational document were doomed from the outset to be disappointed. There were no outstanding points at issue between Great Britain and Italy as was the case between the former and France in the early days of the century: all that was required was the restoration of that mutual confidence in one another's good intentions which was interrupted by Britain's obligations under the ill-starred Covenant of the League of Nations. This confidence has now been restored, and as a result the Mediterranean will be a happier place for all concerned, notably the smaller Powers in that area.

The Personal Factor

In this connection it is to be hoped that opportunity will be taken of the impending vacancy at Paris to transfer there the present British Ambassador at Rome, Sir Eric Drummond. It is always extremely unpleasant to be compelled to refer to a distinguished public servant in an adversely critical manner, but events in the highest quarters of all have recently shown that reticence may be injurious to the best interest of the nation. Sir Eric Drummond was eminently successful as Secretary-General of the League of Nations, but the very qualities which are so useful at Geneva have not always proved equally valuable in Rome. It is also to be feared that he has not received support in that quarter where he had a right to expect it. In any event, Sir Eric's continued residence in Italy is not likely to prove beneficial to Great Britain, undoubted as are his gifts in many directions.

It is too often a fact that British representatives abroad, however admirable in themselves, are square pegs in round

holes. They are not in contact with those whom they should know, and their embassies and legations are backwaters. That there are brilliant exceptions no one will deny, but to the truth of the charge few Englishmen who have travelled extensively will wish to take exception. It is to be hoped that in the years to come more care will be taken to find men suitable for the posts they are to fill, and their wives, too, must be considered. This is the more important in view of the welcome revival of the principle of leaving diplomatic negotiations to be conducted by the man on the spot.

German Diplomacy

No fair-minded person could accuse *The English Review* of being hostile to Nazi Germany, but there are times when candour is the best service one can do to a friend, and the present is such an occasion. The conduct of German foreign policy during the past few months has been deplorable. The by no means unjustified fear of being surrounded by hostile Powers as a result of the Franco-Soviet Pact has apparently resulted in the adoption of a policy which is calculated to precipitate that very danger. Germany's neighbours are becoming every day more alarmed, and are drawing together in a way that bids fair to ignore all questions of regime. The latest blunder of Berlin was the truculent attitude taken up in respect of Holland on wholly inadequate grounds on the occasion of the Royal Wedding: to say the least, it was in the worst possible taste.

Hohenzollern Germany, at any rate after the dismissal of Bismarck, was thin-skinned enough, but the present regime is far more so, and if it persists in this attitude it will defeat its own ends. It was the restless nervousness of Wilhelm II and his advisers, as shown during a dozen crises from the Kruger telegrams to Serajevo, that banded so many countries together against Germany, and Herr Hitler is in a fair way to repeating his predecessor's blunder. Very different was the Bismarckian method of isolating the intended victim, and then overwhelming him *vi et armis*.

The Effect on France

THESE blundering methods are especially to be regretted at the present time owing to their possible reaction on French opinion, for if they continue to be employed the swing to the Right in France may be arrested. A definite German threat will drive the ordinary Frenchman to the conclusion that as a patriot he must support the Popular Front at home, and the Franco-Soviet Pact abroad. Only a small minority of the population was Jacobin in 1792–94, but the country as a whole supported the Terror as the only means of preserving intact the soil of France, and there is just the possibility that history may repeat itself.

That Herr Hitler wants a war is out of the question, and statements that he is deliberately planning one are merely propaganda of a particularly unscrupulous nature. Yet Wilhelm II never wished for war, and the German lack of understanding of the psychology of others is at least as great now as it was when he was on the throne. Already, the Italo-German agreement, itself the second within three years, is wearing somewhat thin, for Italy has no desire to see the empire of Charles V re-created for the benefit of the Third Reich. If only Germany would not be so restless, she would stand a good chance of obtaining all her just demands, whereas at present her behaviour is the despair of her best friends.

French Duplicity

AT the same time the French Government is by no means guiltless, and it has materially contributed to the present dangerous situation. While officially adopting a policy of non-intervention in Spain, it has done everything in its power to aid the Reds. It was said during the earlier days of the Abyssinian conflict that the real difficulty was to find a formula which should save the face of Mr. Eden and the two faces of M. Laval, but M. Blum is at least as double-faced. Had it not been for the aid France has given to his opponents General Franco would to-day be the master of Spain, yet Paris is continually holding up its hands in horror at the support which the Nationalists

are receiving from Germany. Even the Russians are more honest.

The British Government and Press have been singularly reticent as to these activities on the part of France, but the time has come for plain speaking. If the French want our support, let them apply to their own people those principles of non-intervention which they never tire of urging on others. Far too long they have tried to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare, and it is to be feared that Mr. Eden has not made it sufficiently plain that Great Britain will be no party to such dishonesty. It recalls the days of the Second Carlist War in the 'seventies of last century, when France was officially neutral, but actually gave extensive aid to the Carlists.

The Spanish War

A GREAT deal of undeserved abuse is being heaped upon the Non-Intervention Committee, and in so far as this criticism is disinterested it proceeds from a misunderstanding of the functions of that body. Its aim, which is also that of the British Government, is not to bring the war in Spain to a speedy termination, but to ensure that it is confined to Spain. It is much better for the rest of Europe that such Frenchmen and Germans as wish to fight one another should do so in the Peninsula rather than on the Rhine. We have, during the last twenty years, far too often sacrificed the substance of what is possible to the shadow of an ideal which has proved unattainable, and the immediate object of the Non-Intervention Committee is realizable, if modest, namely to confine the war to Spain, and to reduce to a minimum the number of non-Spanish participants.

The corollary of this is that Great Britain must remain neutral, though there can, of course, be no question but that the victory of the Nationalists is desirable on every score. The Opposition is once again giving proof of its unfitness for office by the attitude it has adopted. It would have plunged the country into war with Japan over Manchukuo, with Italy over Abyssinia, and it is now prepared to have British lives sacrificed on behalf of Largo

Caballero's cut-throats. One can only hope that those responsible for anti-Socialist propaganda will see that the moral is driven home to the electorate.

Balkan Politics

THE growing friendship between Jugo-Slavia and Bulgaria is to be welcomed as further evidence of stability in a part of Europe where it was a stranger in the past, and where it is more marked to-day than in many other areas. It is to be hoped that in due course Bulgaria will now subscribe to the Balkan Pact, for it has always been a dangerous anomaly that the one wholly Balkan Power should not be among the signatories to that agreement. The recent negotiations between Belgrade and Sofia are also pleasing evidence of the improved relations between Italy and Jugo-Slavia, for Bulgaria is under the former's influence to no inconsiderable extent.

At the same time there can be no question of any rectification of the Bulgarian frontiers at the expense of Greece. The strength and independence of the latter country is one of the most vital of British interests, and it must not be jeopardized by any weakness in face of a possible Bulgarian request for an outlet in the Mediterranean. This particular intrigue was actively pursued in London and Paris two years ago, but neither Government would become a party to it: the reasons which influenced such a decision then remain unchanged, if, indeed, they have not been strengthened in the interval.

The Abyssinian Campaign

MARSHALS DE BONO and Badoglio have now written their accounts of the conquest of Abyssinia, and it is greatly to be regretted that these are not yet available in English, for they are of the highest importance and interest both to the layman and to the professional soldier. Marshal de Bono's work is the more human document, and the telegrams he exchanged with the Duce throw a great deal of light on the latter's character. His successor writes in a drier style, but the story he has to tell is so enthralling

that none can find it dull. Marshal Badoglio's illustrations are the better, and they are eloquent of the formidable geographical difficulties by which the Italians were faced. Of the Abyssinians he says that they were individually brave, but possessed "no active higher command, no capacity for manœuvring, and no perception of the great possibilities offered by positions topographically favourable to an active defence." In addition, the orders of the Negus seem to have been intercepted by the Italians with unfailing regularity

From these two volumes one gains a valuable insight into the careful preparation made by the Italians for the campaign : nothing was left to chance, and the Abyssinian war may well serve as a model of what a colonial campaign should be. On the other side was disunity, incompetence, and over-confidence. This cannot but lead to certain reflections on the part of the English reader. Did the British Government know the position of the two parties in the autumn of 1935 ? If it did not, then the sooner our much-vaunted Intelligence is drastically overhauled the better. If it did, then words are quite inadequate to describe the action of Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues in encouraging Haile Selassie to resist, and in staking the prestige of the British Empire upon what was a hopeless gamble.

Portugal and Salazar

THE effects of the civil war in the Peninsula upon the neighbours of Spain have attracted attention to Portugal, and it is extremely fortunate that a really reliable book on that country should have made its appearance at this moment, for such is *Portugal* by Comte Gonzague de Reynold (Editions Spes. 18 frcs.). The author needs, or should need, no introduction to any right-thinking man or woman, for his *L'Europe Tragique* is a veritable Baedeker to the background of our present international discontents. In his latest volume he shows how a small country has been rescued from chaos.

Senhor Salazar has restored his country's prestige not only by balancing the Budget, in itself no small feat, but

by repairing the shattered *morale* of the Portuguese people. He is working from the bottom upwards, and his success is an answer to those who maintain that it is impossible to have a Corporate State without Fascism. Comte Gonzague de Reynold describes in detail all that has been accomplished, but he also makes his own criticisms. Chief among them is that if Senhor Salazar wishes his work to be permanent he must restore the monarchy and the Church, for the one will provide continuity and the other the indispensable spiritual basis for the new Portugal. This book is one of the most valuable studies of an individual country that has appeared of recent years, and it is sincerely to be hoped that an English translation will soon be forthcoming, as this would fill a definite gap in contemporary political literature.

Double Dutch

THE following is an extract from an article by the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands, Jonkheer A. C. D. de Graeff, in a London newspaper :

> " Recognizing unconditionally the failure of the " League in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, I fully " agree with the policy of my eminent colleague, " Mr. Eden, as to the advisability of standing " firmly behind the League, and trying to make the " best of it."

Comment of any sort would be unkind.

From the Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

THE days are beginning to get longer; not very noticeable, perhaps, but enough to make one feel very thankful. It is remarkable how the lengthening days have an influence on the growth of plants. It does not seem to matter much what the weather is, as soon as the daylight increases, plant life responds to the call, and the great awakening begins, even in January. Inquisitive bulbs begin to poke their noses up. A few yellow aconites light up a corner under the bushes, half a dozen violets, a lonely looking snowdrop, and a solitary pink daisy appear. In my garden they all seem so conspicuous in January. The red daisy in the rock-garden, for example, you would not see at all in May, but just now it makes quite a brilliant spot of colour, and shines like a ruby among its rather drab surroundings. Presently another will appear, then a primrose or two, the spots of colour gradually increasing as the garden shakes off the shackles of winter. In the meantime more catalogues have arrived, and I am still building floral castles in the air. The wonderful beds of stocks, asters, and sweet williams, and the houses of tomatoes and melons, always make me wish I was really rich and had a large garden. Still, it is wonderful what you can do, even with a few shillings, if you go the right way to work.

Antirrhinums, or "snapdragons," as I shall always prefer to call them, seem to be given a good deal of prominence. I hope to go in for a good show of them this year. I have tried most things at one time or another, but I have yet to find anything cheaper and more reliable for a summer display than a good bed or two of snapdragons. They have been improved wonderfully during recent years, and the new intermediate and bedding varieties are a great improvement on the old-fashioned kinds. They include so many good colours, and if you keep the seed pods picked off you can get three successive flowering periods, which means that the same plants are flowering from midsummer till late autumn. There are two snags about snapdragons. In order to get a good

show you must raise them under glass in the early spring as they are not true annuals, although they are nearly always grown as such. Also it is best to sow the seed early in February and grow the young plants in pots or boxes, ready for planting out as soon as the wallflowers have done their turn. The other drawback is the rust, a disease which has been spreading lately in a most alarming manner. I hope we shall soon find a cure or preventive for it.

The annual asters have undergone great changes of late, and now include all sorts of weird and fantastic forms and colours. I am particularly fond of the single varieties. Their long wiry stems and their soft art shades in pinks, mauve, and pale blue make them, to my mind, the ideal flowers for cutting before the chrysanthemums arrive in the late summer. Another good flower for early sowing under glass is the annual, or "marguerite," carnation. The modern varieties of annual carnations are really lovely, the flowers being almost equal to the florists' varieties, and I have proved that they are not difficult to grow. If you get the little plants along early and plant them out in April or May, you will be able to gather flowers from August onwards. I have had as many as nineteen perfect flowers on one plant, but my catalogue beats me easily. Here is a picture of a plant with over forty flowers on it. It is worth noting, for the benefit of those who have no accommodation for raising early seedlings, that young plants can be bought from most nurserymen later in the spring ready for planting out. Local nurserymen raise seedlings of asters, stocks, and practically all the other annuals in large quantities, and they are usually very good. I have bought scores of them myself, quite cheaply, and never yet been disappointed, and it saves a deal of trouble.

The next flower to catch my eye in the catalogue is the acroclinium, one of the so-called "everlasting" flowers, a dainty little pink bloom which keeps well all through the winter. It is a hardy annual, and if seeds are sown out of doors in April, the plants will be in flower about six weeks later. I think it is rather nice to grow a

few groups of the various everlasting flowers, which retain their colours in the dry state during the winter months. The helichrysums, for example, include all sorts of bright colours nowadays. If the crisp, papery flowers are cut when they are fully open, and hung upside down in bunches in the shed until they are quite dry, they can be put in vases and will keep the room bright and cheerful till the spring flowers arrive. Another good flower for keeping in the dry state is the annual statice, or "sea lavender," which includes several forms and many dainty colours. They are mostly soft shades of lavender, pink and yellow. The well known honesty, too, is excellent for keeping—not the flowers, but the flat silvery seed pods, which look like sprays of new shillings. I saw a big vase the other day filled with honesty and the so-called "winter cherry," or "Cape gooseberry," whose Sunday name is physalis. I thought the silver of the honesty blended with the orange scarlet bladders of the physalis and made a perfect combination. Honesty is, of course, a biennial, bearing its purple flowers and silver pods in the second year, and it succeeds well in shady places under the trees, where most flowers would be rather unhappy. Physalis is a perennial, so if pods are looked for this year it would be as well to get a few good plants, and put them out in the border during the spring.

I notice that most of the catalogues now offer seeds of aubrietia, a most useful plant, not only for the rock-garden, but also for edging and carpeting, or for hanging over a dry wall. It is quite interesting to raise aubrietias from seed because of their glorious uncertainty. You never quite know what you are going to get. I got pink, ruby red, violet and pale mauve all from the same packet of seeds. If the seed is sown out of doors in June they are ready for planting out in October, and soon make good clumps for the rock-garden. The small pinks, such as the Cheddar pink, which are so pretty on a rocky bank or wall, are also quite easy to raise from seeds. The seedlings produce quite a variety of colours, most of the flowers being sweetly scented. A kind of cousin once removed to the pinks is the new annual called "Sweet Wivelsfield,"

which is half pink and half sweet william. It gets better every year, and includes all sorts of fancy colours, including double and single flowers, which are sweetly fragrant. A packet of seeds sown under glass in March, or out of doors in April, will often produce many pleasant surprises.

Make a note of the pansies, too; there are some wonderful new colours in them, particularly shades of blue. Pansies are easy to grow, but it is best to "hasten slowly" with them; they can be flowered in their first year, but I find it better to sow them out of doors in July and let them grow on slowly through the winter for flowering next year. I tried the so-called winter pansies last year and made a sowing at midsummer. Winter flowering is a bit of a misnomer; there certainly were a few flowers about during the dark days, but it was not until March and April that I got a really good show.

Among annuals of recent introduction are two that have given me pleasure, which might be worth passing on. The first is Ursinia anethoides, a pretty South African flower, which might be described as an orange-coloured moon-daisy. It is really more than that; the fern-like foliage is very graceful, and the flowers, which are about two inches across, are of a soft shade of orange, with a band of purple round the base of the petals. It is best grown as a half hardy annual, after the manner of stocks and asters. The other flower I wanted to mention in this number is the Venidium, and the variety I like best is called Venidium fastuosum, but it can't help its name. It is a lovely flower, something like a large single orange marigold, with crimped edges and a dark ring round the inside of the petals. I must say that it gives it a rather unusual appearance.

Gramophone Notes

SYMPHONY NO. 4 IN E FLAT MAJOR (BRUCKNER). Karl Böhm and Dresden State Opera Orchestra. 8 H.M.V. Records (in Album). 48*s*.

WHEN ONE considers the apparent love of the British concert-going public for slices of Wagnerian Music-Drama—"bleeding chunks of butchers' meat chopped from Wagner's operas" as Sir Donald Tovey calls them—the complete and almost contemptuous neglect of Anton Bruckner is very surprising. Bruckner's scores have been tampered with a great deal by various "arrangers" but even after making due allowances for this it is not unfair, I think, to regard his music as a symphonic counterpart to Wagner's theatre music.

Probably no composer, not even excepting Moussorgsky, has been more ill-served by well-meaning friends than Bruckner. He was a devoted Wagnerian which was enough to arouse the ill-tempered animosity of Hanslick, the official mouthpiece of the Brahms School. In reply Franz and Josef Schalk, Ferdinand Loëwe and others thinking that Bruckner's music, particularly in the matter of orchestration, was not sufficiently Wagnerian assumed editorial privileges in order to make it so. Bruckner, being the most humble and servile of men, permitted this apparently without protest. While the fact of this editing and arranging has long been known, the greatness of its extent is only coming to light now by the publication of the Critical Complete Edition of Bruckner's works by the *Musikwissenschaftlicher Verlag* of Vienna.

Even now the full extent of the tampering is not known, for this edition is not complete, but the Fourth or "Romantic" Symphony was included a few months ago, this new but original score being first performed at the Linz Festival in July, 1936, and again in London in November, 1936. On both occasions Dr. Karl Böhm was the conductor and in this set of records we have the inestimable advantage of his authoritative reading. He has an excellent orchestra and the recording is of high quality.

The differences between this score and that we have

heard before are so many and so important that one must rid one's mind of prejudices and listen as to fresh music. My own reactions are very favourable and particularly am I impressed by the effectiveness of some of the more unusual points of orchestration.

PIANO CONCERTO IN E FLAT—K. 271 (MOZART). Gieseking and Berlin State Opera House Orchestra conducted by Hans Rosbaud. 4 Columbia Records (in Album). 24s.

CONCERTO IN E FLAT FOR TWO PIANOS—K.365 (MOZART). Artur and Ulrich Schnabel and London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Adrian Boult. 3 H.M.V. Records. 18s.

TWO MOZART CONCERTOS in one month is generous measure. Both works are in the key of E flat and that for a single piano is regarded by Otto Jahn as one of the most remarkable of all Mozart's Piano Concertos, though the composer was only twenty-one when he wrote it. "In its freedom of form, breadth of design, and passion of expression," he says, "it approaches very near to the Divertimento in B flat major (K.278), which belongs to the same period."

It is an entrancingly beautiful work in which two lively movements are separated by an Andantino built on a cantilena and impregnated with deep emotion and pathos. This movement opens with muted strings and one tiny flaw in this recording is that mutes do not seem to have been used. Walter Gieseking has, I think, the most insinuating touch of all pianists and nowhere is it better displayed than here. This album is for connoisseur and neophyte alike.

The Concerto for two pianos was written when Mozart was twenty-four and is his only work in this form, though on one occasion he arranged for two pianos a concerto he had previously written for three. It is a charming and tuneful work and is admirably played by soloists and orchestra alike. After the last-mentioned records, however, I miss the insinuatingly caressing touch of Gieseking.

SYMPHONY NO. 8 IN F MAJOR (BEETHOVEN). Weingartner and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. 3 Columbia Records (in Album). 18*s*.

BEETHOVEN'S EIGHTH SYMPHONY is a work to which one instinctively applies the adjective "little" used in an endearing sense. Beethoven himself called it the "Little Symphony in F" and in doing so he was thinking of its content rather than its lack of length.

The ways of the mighty are inscrutable. In 1812 Beethoven, suffering from ill-health, went to a Bohemian Spa and while there visited his younger brother whose domestic affairs were complicated and irregular and violent scenes and bitter recriminations resulted. This was the atmosphere in which the Eighth Symphony was conceived and yet of all Beethoven's major works it is the happiest and most joyous. There is no slow movement, its place being taken by a charming *Allegretto Scherzando* and the Minuet is restored to the place it occupied in pre-Beethoven symphonies.

Weingartner is of course steeped in Beethoven, but this does not mean a studiously correct but lifeless performance. On the contrary, we get one full of fire and *élan* which is finely reproduced with a suspicion of echo which I find attractively realistic.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY HAYDN (BRAHMS). Toscanini and New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. 2 H.M.V. Records. 12*s*.

THIS IS a serenely beautiful work and though it is technically a "Theme and Variations" the best thing to do is to forget this at once. Brahms sees to it that when the theme is intended to be heard it is heard. The original theme is known to everyone and comes from a composition by Haydn for wind instruments.

A friend and colleague says that one of his sharpest memories of a recent American tour is of the opening phrase of this work as shaped by Toscanini. Before hearing these records one might be tempted to regard this as a pardonable exaggeration but now one accepts it as a plain statement of fact. A lovely brace of records.

SONATA FOR 'CELLO AND PIANO IN A (BEETHOVEN). Paul Grümmer and Wilhelm Kempff. 3 Decca Records. 12*s*.

PIANOFORTE SONATA IN F SHARP MAJOR, OP. 78 (BEETHOVEN). Egon Petri. 1 Columbia Record. 6*s*.

ALTHOUGH THE product of Beethoven's middle period the 'Cello Sonata is as easy of appreciation and as youthful in spirit as the Opus 18 Quartets. Even the slow movement is peaceful rather than tragic. The Scherzo is intensely difficult for it demands a certain "perkiness" hard to achieve on so large an instrument as the 'cello. Grümmer and Kempff are, however, splendid throughout and the recording is particularly good in the matter of balance between the two instruments. The odd side of the last record contains the Prelude and Fugue in D major from the first book of Bach's "48." The playing is so hurried and the tone so poor that it is difficult to believe that either pianist or piano are the same.

The F sharp major is one of the happiest as well as one of the shortest of all the Beethoven Piano Sonatas and I always feel glad to know that Beethoven himself quoted it as a finer work than the "Moonlight" in reply to gushings inspired by the more popular work. Petri gives a superb performance which is very finely recorded.

OVERTURE AND INTERMEZZO ACT 3—DER FREISCHÜTZ. Fürtwangler and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. 2 Decca Records. 8*s*.

The Overture to Der Freischütz is usually made to fit on two sides of a record. This performance takes three sides and the music gains tremendously by being allowed to spread itself. The fourth side contains the Intermezzo from Act 3 which is not often heard and the semi-hunting, semi-pastoral strains of which are good fun.

W. A. CHISLETT.

Dealer in Death

By Hubert Nicholson

He was a dealer in violent death. There are many such—assassins, soldiers, gunmen, headhunters, public executioners. He was a poultry farmer.

He used to look at his strong brown wrists and tense the muscles, and think as he saw the sinews flicker how strange and beautiful it was to see the angel of death flying out through his hands.

His nature was very compassionate. He loved the living things in his charge and tried to understand their desires. He suffered intensely if he saw one of them in pain.

He laughed to himself when he remembered how reluctant he had been to accept the chicken farm—it was a legacy. He had been afraid of having to kill things.

He realized now that he had been afraid to look closely at the nature of death. In those days he had the common human set of frailties and taboos.

But when his father died and left him nothing but an expensive education and a taste for idleness; when the debts had been paid as far as they could be, and his mother had found a home with her married daughter; when a spell of unemployment, diminishing pocket money, clothes growing shabby, the necessity of avoiding the company of more opulent friends had almost broken his spirit—then it was that the death of an uncle had left him the little poultry farm; and even then he offered resistance, and might have sold the farm and started some other trade if the doctors had not discovered tuberculosis touching the left lung, and insisted on the value of an open-air life.

Well, the lung of course meant death was already inside him and so must be thought about.

He learned to kill chickens. At first clumsily, terrifying himself and the victim, wrenching his own muscles, inflicting pain and false throes before the quietus. The first three killings were such agony of mind to him that he thought he would not be able to conquer himself, ever, or ever be strong enough to face the reality. Then he took himself in hand, he pressed the whole forces of his will and intelligence into service. He eliminated movements, he developed

muscles, he learned the tender ease of perfect control. He wanted his wrists and hands to be the halves of a steel bridge, meeting in a faultless gesture for death to pass across them.

When this perfection was achieved or seemed to be achieved he found there was always a tiny degree of improvement possible; always a little more strength, dexterity, swiftness possible; always a gentler, firmer way of holding the victim.

The elements of pain were confined to an unmeasurable fraction of an instant, an intense flame of agony, the chariot of a great angel. Sudden death was better than slow inward decay; thinking of his collapsing lung he envied, or imagined he envied, the creatures he killed. But deeper in his being he wanted life, even dirty dregs when the draught should be gone; and something in him still feared, for himself, what he no longer feared to inflict.

So although his outlook had changed, the poultry farm had not made a saint of him.

He lived in solitude. Yet, though he loved and consorted closely with the poultry, he did not give them names, pretend to himself that they were a sort of human being. He began to know the limits of what understanding there could be between his species and theirs.

He did not kill with a sense of pleasure. He killed with the devotion and humility of a priest.

He was defeated at length by a White Leghorn. This poor creature was the only chick that hatched in a bad brood. He reared it separately from the rest, feeding and tending it with especial care.

From the first it showed exceptional intelligence. And something else as well, a less definable quality of spirit.

He was disturbed one morning to find himself addressing it as Jane. He decided not to do so in future. But what was the use of the decision?—it was as though somebody else had told him that the chicken's name was Jane. Whenever he looked at it he saw that it was called Jane, and to avoid saying so aloud would make no difference whatever. After a fortnight he gave up a foolish struggle and began to call the pullet Jane.

It seemed to him that the bird was rather pleased by this capitulation.

He loved it far more than he loved any hen or cock or chick in the place—partly because of its independence, its eccentricity. It occasionally crowed. It held its beak open under a dripping tap. It refused Indian corn, and seriously pined until he found that it really wanted barley as its staple of diet.

Then as it grew older it developed vices. Its nature was rebellious. It laid very large eggs but much too infrequently. It would not eat enough grit or oyster-shell, and the eggs were disgracefully soft-shelled, sometimes a mere skin thrown round the white and yolk.

He forcibly fed Jane with roughage, gritty matter for the manufacture of shells. From that day she—he always called her "she" to himself, instead of the impersonal pronoun—set him more obviously at defiance.

She found some way out of the run. How she got out neither he nor the other hens ever discovered. She did not go far afield, and time after time he captured her and carried her back to the run. The other chickens did not welcome her return, as they obviously did not like her.

She seemed to have stopped laying altogether. Then one day, when she was missing from the run, he saw her emerging from a hole in the masonry in the wall of the hay-loft. It was an almost inaccessible spot. He reached it at length, leaning over at some peril from the stone steps of the hay-loft, and found it full of Jane's large, soft-shelled eggs.

Soon after this she pecked a young pullet to death. The commotion in the hen-run was terrible. He found the pullet flopping in blood and dust, and had to put it quickly out of pain. He was revolted by this act of Jane's.

"Murder," he said in a loud voice. "Murder. Murder." He found he was frowning hard at Jane as he said it.

After that Jane had a coop to herself. By the second day it was plain she was moping.

But he did not pity her. He did not bother to seek a remedy. He discovered that he hated her with a full human passion of hatred. She had destroyed his peace of mind.

His contemplative moods were rare now. She had thrust herself into improper prominence in his esteem—made him think the other birds less " interesting " than formerly.

He would like revenge on her. He would like her to die. His self-respect had so far diminished.

A tramp knocked at the door. The poultry farmer gave him a piece of cheesecake and a pint of cider.

" How much would a chicken be ? " he asked as he munched. He looked very poor. His face was no more than a veil of grey skin pulled tight over a skull. His dark eyes were like empty sockets.

The farmer told him prices ; so much for a young one, so much for a roaster, so much for a boiler.

" How much for an old 'un, not much good for anything ? "

" What's the good of asking ? You've got no money, have you ? "

" No, I've no money. I'll tell you something. Four days ago I came past here. I could have stolen one of your chickens. A white one. It was on your hay-loft steps. But my belly was full. I didn't touch it. To-day if I'd found it I would have stolen it."

The farmer remembered that he wished Jane was dead.

" I'll give you that hen, if you like."

Strangely enough the tramp made no answer, but sat still on the doorstep, staring into vacancy. He looked as if he was watching an invisible machine which he had set in motion.

The farmer went to the coop and took Jane out with firm, well-trained hands. But she set up an immediate squawking that sent consternation through the chicken-run. He thought his hands must have trembled with hate, in spite of himself.

He was not sure now whether he hated or loved the hen, but uppermost in his mind was the determination to kill her, and the vague feeling that his conscience would be clear if he gave her away and did not take money for the carcase.

He carried her behind the angle of the wall, where he was out of sight and almost out of the hearing of the fowls

in the chicken-run. Jane ceased squawking and clucked in a low, teasing, intimate tone. He thought hard of the technique of killing. There must be no slip of the fist, no initial failure.

He put her body between his knees, seized her head with one hand and the lower part of the neck with the other. His hands turned and sprang; then he dropped Jane's corpse at arm's length. As he walked back to the door of his house Jane gave two convulsive flaps of the wings, but he knew they were mere reflexes. She was dead.

The tramp received the gift and smiled an absolutely toothless smile, but said nothing.

The farmer felt indignant. But what can one do if a man fails to say thank you? The words cannot be wrenched out of him. The farmer stood on his doorstep, quite hot with anger, impotently watching the retreating figure of the tramp. The tramp did not turn his head or speak again.

It occurred to the farmer to climb the hay-loft steps and see if there were any more of Jane's eggs laid away there. All was quiet in the hen-run now. It was not feeding time and he wanted something to do. He had an unpleasing recollection of himself in the hen-run frowning at Jane and saying "Murder, murder."

The hens grew hungry after a time and began to squawk. The housekeeper awoke from her doze.

She found him at the foot of the hay-loft steps. His head faced the opposite way to his body; there was a terrible frown on his face.

He looked, she told the coroner, just as if he had had his neck wrung.

Sanctuary

By Pamela Hansford Johnson

TOMASSO was a bullock. He had chosen the name for himself after hearing one of the farmhands talking about Spain and the fine, brave animals there. The men called Tomasso "Blackeye," because they neither knew his preferences nor understood his language ; since he had worked so long among them it was not strange that he should understand theirs. He had laboured long in the rising fields, had drawn his loads gallantly and without so much as a bellow of complaint. If he bellowed at all it was but the expression of his desires, the desires conjured up by his daydreams in which, under the eyes of admiring ladies in mantillas, he charged five times a day into the bullring to toss the silly matadors into ignominious bundles on the sawdust.

Tomasso was an educated bullock. What he heard he remembered. Now he was old and remembered many things. There had been a child who was scared of him. Crossing the field to the farmhouse she had caught sight of him suddenly, of poor Tomasso whose boom was far worse than his bite, peering from the hawthorn bush, his horns entangled May Queen fashion with dusty blossom. He bellowed a little to assure her of his friendliness, but she had not heeded him. Screaming, she ran to the farmer for comfort, and he, good man, holding her in the shelter of his arm, had led her back to talk with Tomasso and to smooth the snaggle of hairs on his nose. After that she came to see him often, bearing gifts of sugar and sometimes of bullseyes.

He was not an unhappy bullock though they had saddened his youth for him, had made him, by the blindness of their wisdom and without considering his yea or nay, a member of the labouring classes. Still, he loved the feel of the sun on his shiny sides, loved to lower his head into the bright, wet grass. He was strong. He was a good fellow. He had his ambitions but, as he knew that they would never be fulfilled, he made no nuisance of them.

It was only in the field at daybreak and in the byre at nightfall that he let himself imagine how fine was the lot

of a bull in the bullring. He saw himself charging in a stamp of smoke, his horns shining, the silly banderillos that had no power to harm him flickering bravely in the noonday sun. Sometimes he longed for his old age. Then, he thought, they will let me graze in the big meadow from morning to night and I shall have nothing to do but think of Tomasso, the pride of Madrid.

He grew old, and nothing fell out as he had planned it. One day he heard the men making their arrangements to send him on a train to London, where he was to be slaughtered. Yes, after all his service they would do that to him. For the first time in his life Tomasso wept. The farmer's little girl, seeing the tears on his face, tried to smudge them away with a handful of grass.

One fine spring morning he was jammed into a truck by evil men who did not hesitate to whack at his buttocks with sticks, and in this truck he was conveyed to London. As the train rattled over the iron miles Tomasso saw the cattle in the fields, jolly young bulls secure in their momentary contentment, so sure they had nothing to fear. He saw the little lambs skipping on the slopes, kicking up their hind-legs in ecstasy. Yes, thought Tomasso, and you, too.

The long journey came to an end. They led him to prison, where he awaited the swing of the hammer. Though he was not certain about the method of execution he feared the worst.

And then he escaped.

Like the bonniest bull in Madrid Tomasso stood in the High Street, legs asplay, head down, nostrils smoking. People screamed with fear and excitement. So, ho! boomed Tomasso, his heart big with joy. Off he went, his thoughts towards the great fields. Off he went, banking round corners, lolloping in fine style, two feet on the pavement, two feet in the gutter. Even when he careered into a milk cart, causing the bottles to smash in the roadway, making London a land of milk and honey, he did not falter. He tossed his head to heaven and his horns were terrible with glory. Once a little fellow in a baize apron, rushing into his path, attempted to seize and still him, but Tomasso

threw off the buffoon with a single shiver of his sides, a flick of his head.

After a while he grew tired. Surely he had come a long way ?

I should like a little rest, he thought, but if I stop for one moment they will be afraid of me no longer. He turned into a long, wide avenue where there was grass along the footway. If only I might have a mouthful to eat ! It would help. Yet on he went, until he saw a young lady in a red dress walking sedately in the middle of the road, a red parasol poised above her head.

And in that moment Tomasso was young again. He wanted to play. She'll be the matador, he said to himself, and I'll be the bull. Perhaps she will flap her sunshade in my face ; if she does that I'll pretend to toss her, as the Spanish bulls do, but I'll take great care that she falls on the soft grass. She was still a long way off. Tomasso lowered his head. He charged.

The young lady, hearing the unfamiliar drubbing of his hoofs, turned round to see what was the matter. She made a little moan. Flinging away the parasol she ran for her life and Tomasso thundered after her. He did not run as swiftly as he might, for he wanted to prolong the game. On they went, down the avenue, down a side road, down the first to the left. He slackened his pace. At the end of the street was a church, standing in a flowery garden. He knew it was a church because he had seen one before. There was a brown chapel on the hill above his old fields, a tall, narrow building with a spire. This building was much bigger but it also had a spire, a big one with a golden cross on it. The young lady ran down the path between the mounds and Tomasso followed after, for he hated to spoil the fun and did not doubt for a minute that she was enjoying it all as much as he. Rushing through the door, she disappeared in a blot of darkness.

Well, he thought, that's that. If she doesn't want to play, she doesn't. He stopped and stood there on the gravel, blowing the steam from his nostrils, stamping his hoofs. Looking around him, he tried hard to remember something he had once heard. Hadn't someone once said

in his hearing that you were safe in a church or a churchyard, that your enemies could not touch you there?

So Tomasso turned from the path, stepped daintily over a grave and sat down in the daisies. He was aware that over the wall scared moonfaces were watching him. You watch, thought Tomasso. You can't touch me.

The sun was soft on his back. He tossed his head to dislodge a butterfly that had settled on his ear. Then, remembering his hunger, he set to work on the grass and on a clump of yellow pansies bobbing over a marble kerb. They were good to his tongue. He tried the marguerites.

A man came towards him, swinging a rope. Ah, the bullock said to himself, just let him try!

The man swung the lassoo. Tomasso ducked, and boomed. The man retreated. He was calling for help. Tomasso saw in him the sickliest toreador that ever entered a ring to insult the intelligence of the bull. He lumbered to his feet, swung his tail in a terrifying manner and inflated his sides. Someone screamed: 'Look out, Harry! He's coming for you!'

With a secret sneer, Tomasso saw his assailant backing for cover. He bellowed once more to consolidate his position. Then he sat down again and reached out for a mouthful of lobelias.

Soon he was replete. Still people came to stare at him, so he regarded them friendlily with his big, milky eyes. He knew he was safe. He was particularly amused to see the young lady whom he had chased sidling down the path behind a bold gentleman in a long black gown, who was busily assuring her that she had nothing to fear. Tomasso flicked an eyelash at her. By the open gate men held meetings. He could not hear their words, for they were too far away. When night fell they left him alone.

He was very happy staring at the stars. The grass was fresh and sweet, and his belly was well-filled. He smelt the faint scent of pansies, the peppery scent of the yellow daisies. Several times when he felt a little lonely he held a long, if rather one-sided, conversation with the moon. On each occasion when he did this lights appeared in the windows of the houses overlooking the churchyard and

once an angry voice called out: 'Can't you stop that row?'

With the coming of the light Tomasso was a little perturbed. Should he go or stay? Here he was safe, though he could not graze amoung the mounds for ever. He would be liable to capture in the mysterious streets and he knew by the weary train journey that it would be a long trot home.

Then he was eased, for he had remembered a pretty phrase, 'Taking Sanctuary.' Where had he heard that? He knew. Miss Hobchick, who taught in the school, had taken her children out into the meadow one fine summer afternoon to tell them all about History. None of the children were afraid of Tomasso, and Miss Hobchick never drove him away when he came to lie near the log she used for her desk. Yes, he thought, they can't touch me now. I'm safe for ever and ever, and no one will try to capture me or send me back to the hammer. Soon a man will come to take me home again.

But when they came at sunrise with ropes in their hands, he looked at them rather doubtfully.

Literary Supplement

THE FIRST OF THE LEAGUE WARS. BY MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. C. FULLER, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

GENERAL FULLER is a well-known incisive and provocative writer, and his latest book lives up to his reputation. It has a somewhat misleading title, for it is really two books. The first is the only authoritative account that we have had of the war in Abyssinia, authoritative in that not only was he the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* and shown a great deal, but a trained soldier of experience with knowledge of how armies are maintained, and served. He saw the glorious mess into which Mussolini had got his troops and his army by jamming far too many men and stores on to a port that could not receive them in its shimmering heat and inadequacy, and the impossibility of putting the troops on the roads. His acumen divides the story into two quite distinct halves: the first of General de Bono trying to penetrate into the mountains with an army apprehensive of its enemy, and on orthodox military lines of penetration. He saw the complete *impasse* that this, as was expected, brought about, and the coming of Marshal Badoglio to work on entirely different lines with the use of planes to excess almost, and of native troops fed by planes, who dropped bombs on all and every place and people.

The troops were now turned into road diggers, as were the enthusiastic but comparatively useless Fascist militia divisions, whose chief use was their obsession with intense national and Fascist enthusiasm, which oozed from every perspiring pore. The skill of Badoglio and his advisers in using the latest inventions of science to engender what, even then, was a very uncertain victory, only made possible by the Abyssinians trying mass instead of guerilla tactics, is well told. It was a race against the rains in which the odds were on the Abyssinians, and the winning of the race a remarkable result of the Marshal's gauging of the situation. It is told by a man who can interpret what he sees, and who himself is prominent in the boosting of modern inventions and their wonder . . . and possible fallacy.

The second part of the book is an essay on Fascism and the immense superiority in direction of the Authoritarian State. Now General Fuller is himself an ardent Fascist, and one of Moseley's prospective candidates for Parliament, and he writes with the fanaticism which even in wise old England marks the true Fascist. With his active mind indeed, there are few of the hidden cults of wisdom that he has not peered into. But the point that he wants to drive into us, is that the world is going mad for war, that Italy and Germany are preaching war as the gospel for all their youth

and the true mainspring of the world. General Fuller himself is bitten with the same religion. The other lesson that he would hammer in, is that the non-Authoritarian State, as Mr. Baldwin has so lately told us, must lag sadly behind the other in war preparation. When all the world arms, we, who will have nothing of Fascism, wisely or foolishly, must get on more fiercely with our measures of precaution, if we are to live free in the same world with these children of Mars and Bellona. However little you may agree with it, read the book, that you may find your own salvation, and insist that our kiss-mammy ways shall stop, that mayors who hoist red rather than the national flag, and education councils or clergy who impede the State in the raising of its national forces, be popped forthwith in the pond. A pennyworth of Hitlini grit and resolution, if slipped into John Bull's ample and complacent waistcoat, would be no bad thing. By so much will General Fuller have done us great service. LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN.

ENGLISH VILLAGE HOMES AND COUNTRY BUILDINGS. By SYDNEY R. JONES. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THIS IS a book of character consisting of seven chapters printed in 116 pages. There is an adequate index, innumerable reproductions of the author's sketches and a series of superb photographs. This short epitome will serve as an introduction to what is a condensed survey of a vast subject. Sir William Beach Thomas contributes a foreword which in itself is a plea for the preservation of the amenities of the countryside. At the same time a compliment is paid to the author " who reaps the harvest of his eyes in words." Mr. Sydney Jones describes the development of the village from the earliest times to the descent of taste in the twentieth century. The historical background is dealt with and amplified by references and recorded traditions. Such internal evidences as date panels as well as changes in architectural expression show how much the average village owes to the workings of change. But it is the fevered haste of the past thirty-six years which has worked to obscure the mellowed colouring with which the later Victorians were familiar. London has gone out of town on wheels and scattered trivialities on either side of the trunk roads for hundreds of miles. No one deplores the fact more than the author that village architecture as a local expression related to rural life expired many years ago. In the chapter describing village buildings, every type of dwelling is included. The purpose of rooms, the charm of chimney corners, the homeliness of kitchens, no less than the majestic construction of barns are each and severally eulogized. But by far

the most important section is the chapter dealing with the principles upon which the old buildings were constructed. Such arguments as well as public belief in the pictorial qualities of domestic buildings will do much to combat the fashion of the Robot style which is far from sympathetic to local settings.

A. E. RICHARDSON.

THE OLD TOWNS OF ENGLAND. By CLIVE ROUSE. *Batsford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THREE QUESTIONS might well be asked of almost every new book which aims at being popular. Is it worth buying? Is it worth borrowing? Is it worth keeping as a work of reference? All interrogations in this instance can be answered in the affirmative. So excellent are the illustrations that a mere reviewer may be pardoned for mentioning the 120 photographs first. These present so many new views to familiar places as to cause one to hesitate as to whether one really knows a town as well as one thought; the unusual glimpses of St. Mary's Church, the Radcliffe Camera and the Bodleian Library at Oxford form three cases in point. There are aerial views, scenes from beneath bridges, from the corner of market places as at Wells, and from the plinths of buttresses as at Salisbury. The author aided by the labours of a group of brilliant photographers and by Mr. Sidney Causer's drawing, has done extremely well. But in the reading portion Mr. Rouse deserves equal praise for calling attention to the mutilation of splendid examples of architecture. What degradation could be more horrific than the disembowelling of a Queen Anne house and the fitting of a chromium screen to frame a multiple store? Yet this sort of thing is taking place almost hourly from Canterbury to York. The author is evidently more in love with market and county towns than anything else. His descriptions are those of the ardent antiquary determined to pass on useful information, and he does this pleasantly enough. This work is to be commended for its comprehensiveness, no less than for its value as an authoritative record of the charm of old English towns. It is clear that very close collaboration between author and publisher formed part of the process of production.

A. E. RICHARDSON.

ZERO HOUR. By RICHARD FREUND. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

CLAMOUR FOR COLONIES. By H. S. ASHTON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

GERMANY TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By CHARLES CUNNINGHAM. *The Unicorn Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

THESE THREE books are eminently suitable for joint review. In a study of world affairs Herr Freund's book dovetails in admirably

with that of Mr. Ashton, while Mr. Cunningham's study of internal conditions in Germany supplies at once a corrective and a complement to the others, and a key to a truer understanding of the psychological causes which make Germany one of the main points round which world politics to-day revolve.

Herr Freund is an international journalist of repute, an Austrian by birth, a German by upbringing, and an English subject as the result of the nice system of percentages embodied in Herr Hitler's racial laws. His book ranges comprehensively yet concisely over the whole scale of European and extra-European problems. His main thesis emerges clearly.

The next war, on the very brink of which we stand to-day, will be a tragedy in the strictest sense of the term ; a clash not of right and wrong, but of partial right with partial right. Herr Freund examines the German problem dispassionately and objectively. He sees clearly that if war in the west is to be avoided Germany must have a free hand in the east, and yet in order to give that free hand France must, by abandoning her allies, abdicate her predominant diplomatic position, a step as impossible for France to take as for Germany to consent for ever to occupy second place.

For us Herr Freund's book has a special significance. " Wherever," he writes, " we follow the volcanic belt of the political world to-day, but especially in the three most dangerous volcanoes of Central Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Far East, it is Great Britain, and she alone, who can prevent a disaster, if it can be prevented at all." Great Britain can accomplish this task only if she is strong both in arms and in resolution ; if her foreign policy is not only intelligent but definite and clearly proclaimed. On no international problem is it more dangerous for Great Britain to lack a clear policy than on the question of colonies. Which brings us to Mr. Ashton's admirable book. This should prove a valuable corrective to the vast amount of nonsense which has been talked both in and out of Parliament since the return of Germany's colonies became a burning question.

The position of the non-colonial nations, Germany, Italy and Japan is (or rather in the case of Italy, was) that they want " a lot of something some other people have got." The question is : Are the other people, and particularly the people of Great Britain, prepared to give it ? The answer, in the case of Germany's claim for actual colonial territory, must quite definitely be " No." As Mr. Ashton stresses, from the economic point of view and as an outlet for surplus population, the return of Germany's pre-War colonies would, on the basis of Germany's pre-War use of those colonies, do

next to nothing to relieve either of those present-day problems. The real bases for Germany's colonial demands are two: that Germany has a "right" to colonies, and that it is necessary for her prestige as a world power that she should possess them.

With regard to Germany's "right" to have colonies let us be quite frank. Germany does not possess colonies because she was beaten in the War. That for four years she put up a defence, the tenacity and the gallantry of which must compel the admiration of men for all time, does not matter a rap. She lost the War. Russia and Rumania, which Germany crushed by force of arms, had to submit to treaties of a kind which make the "Versailles Dictate" seem sweet moderation by comparison. English Conservatives who, actuated by a very real sympathy for the achievements of the New Germany, are inclined to be sentimental about colonies should ask themselves one question: What chance to-day would Britain have of getting back the colonies of which Germany would have stripped her, if the War had gone the other way? Without serious dislocation of imperial trade, imperial communications and imperial unity Britain cannot return Germany her colonies, and that, said John Bull, is that. On the other hand, as Mr. Ashton proves, a satisfactory solution of the problem (if it is really only one of population and economics) on the basis of an international exchange of raw material, is perfectly feasible.

If Nazi Germany's demands abroad are sometimes unreasonable her claim to have achieved incredible successes in the face of incredible difficulties at home can be denied by no fair-minded person. "Look on this picture, and on this" is Mr. Cunningham's moral, drawing a highly favourable comparison between the demoralized, hopeless Germany of January, 1933, and the Germany of to-day.

This is the first really comprehensive and sympathetic study of the structure of the Nazi régime which I have yet read. Above all the author's description of the Nazi régime's determined encouragement of the Little Man to achieve personal economic independence should give the quietus to the silly and ignorant lie (sedulously propagated by the more frightened members of the share-pushing classes) that "There's nothing to choose between Communism and Fascism, really."

If only Mr. Cunningham would read his proofs a bit more carefully and thus avoid a most irritating series of misprints, and would try not to believe *every* word he is told by the charming and able propagandists of the Third Reich, his important and illuminating book would gain both in objectivity and in value.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT IN GERMANY. BY DR. REINHOLD ARIS, with a Foreword by DR. G. P. GOOCH. *Allen & Unwin*, 1936. *Demy* 8vo. *pp.* 406. 15*s.*

THIS BOOK covers a comparatively short period—from 1789 to 1815—but it is a very important period, because it includes the years of the French Revolution and the First Empire, and is, as it were, the eve of Germany's modern era, her unification and her rise to the position of a first-class power in Europe. Much of German political thought in these twenty-six years was a reaction to the events in France; but it also contained the germs of momentous subsequent developments, and, if for this reason alone, it is worthy of study. The thinkers fall into four more or less independent groups. First there are those who saw in the Revolution the fulfilment of the ideals of enlightenment and wished the ideas of equality and liberty might inspire German politics as well. To this group belong men such as Kant and Fichte. Then there are those who, although deeply influenced by the Revolution, were stirred by its principles to adopt a conservative and cautious rather than a liberal and reckless attitude, and who assumed a position not unlike that which our own Herbert Spencer ultimately held, and which has been termed " administrative nihilism," i.e. defending the individual at all points against the State. To this group belong Humboldt and the Classicists. A third group, the Romantics, opposed the doctrine of the Revolution by upholding tradition and a historical theory of the State, and, incidentally, by exalting the Middle Ages and, consequently, Catholicism. Möser, Herder, Novalis and Schlegel were of this group, and most of them went over to Catholicism. True, Novalis did not do so, but he came very near to it. Finally, there is the group which formed the basis of modern united Germany—men like Stein, who remains, perhaps, after Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Hitler, the most significant political figure of Germany; and thinkers like Fichte and Arndt, the former now appearing in his nationalist guise. We might actually suspect Hitler of having made a special study of the thought of this last group, so often does it reveal the germs of National Socialism.

Dr. Aris's book gives an exhaustive, if not always clear, account of all these schools, and, on the whole, it appears to be tolerably objective. Only occasionally does the author reveal his own political immaturity, as, for instance, when he declares that it is obvious that the postulate " Man is originally good " might serve equally well as the departure for conservative as for revolutionary thinkers. Nothing however, could be less obvious! If Dr. Aris had consulted a thinker like the Jesuit, Friedrich Muckermann, he would have been spared such a mistake. On the whole Dr. Aris's book makes difficult reading.

An author may be scholarly and well documented and yet fall short of discharging his full obligation to his reader unless he assists him to a proper perspective of the field covered. To fail to do this is to impose on the reader a task almost as arduous as that of the author himself. In a book as complicated as this, there should have been a judicial summing-up at the end of each part, if only to define more narrowly the general contribution of every group. But not once is this done, and, from the standpoint of expository style, it is a serious omission.

ANTHONY LUDOVICI.

No Place Like Home. By Beverley Nichols. *Jonathan Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
News From Tartary. By Peter Fleming. *Jonathan Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS an imperialist! From this amusing volume of travel stories this is perhaps one of the more important facts that emerge. Mr. Nichols travels for pleasure (and at times for pain) in Europe, Egypt and Palestine with his eyes and ears wide open like any good journalist. He records what he heard, and saw, and then felt. At times we shudder at his reactions, but to a traveller who can be summoned home by the call of daffodils and spring anything can be expected.

It was in Egypt (just after the death of King Fuad but before the new treaty) that Mr. Nichols whom readers knew as gardener, pacifist, and religionist added "imperialist" to his attributes. As he points out himself in a recent work he wrote as a question that Christ might ask an Englishman to-day:

> "And why should you not give your Empire away? Why do you expect me to share your overweening determination to cling to your earthly possessions?"

It was an episode in the streets of Cairo when a British officer with a thirst for knowledge enquired from a group of anti-British demonstrators the way to the museum and the result that started the process; the atmosphere of Government House where he was staying completed it. Not a miracle, but in recent years Mr. Nichols has established himself as a journalist with an immense far-reaching public and especially among women. He has always written with apparent sincerity, but like a literary butterfly he is apt to flit from one discovery to another. It is possibly the good journalist who, no matter what his views, throws himself into the spirit of the story he is covering. It will be a tragedy if the wave which swept him into imperialism is followed by another which might take

him to a more dangerous part of the coast. At any rate the irate who fumed at Cry Havoc can now console themselves.

Mr. Fleming has written a far better book, or at least a far more important book. His is a different story. He did not venture over known lands in comparative comfort when he travelled from Peking in China to Kashmir in India, a distance of 3,500 miles covered in seven months. Like Mr. Nichols, Mr. Fleming is a journalist, but whereas Mr. Nichols had indefinite travels of pleasure, Mr. Fleming set out with an object—the discovery of the Russian influence in Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan). Sinkiang till 1935 was impenetrable for political reasons, and though the author may loathe to be called an explorer he was in fact one, though his search was for the political rather than the physical or biological. And so he proceeds to tell a straightforward story of the hazards, the comedies, the tragedies, the setbacks and the eventual attainment of his object. He has such a facile pen that the contrast is great to the difficulties that had to be faced before the material book could be obtained. It is a worthy successor to " One's Company."

KILLANIN.

PEEL. By G. KITSON CLARK. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

LORD SHAFTESBURY. By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND. *Longmans.* 6*s.*

WHEN, IN 1845, Lord John Russell tried to form a cabinet, Grey raised objection to the inclusion of Palmerston, and the author of the Edinburgh letter, in Mr. Guedalla's words, " handed back with courtesy the poisoned chalice to Sir Robert." That was the beginning of the last and shortest phase of a great career, and his action in repealing the Corn Laws which, breaking his party and giving his opponents twenty years of almost unchallenged power, set the seal, a little tarnished perhaps, to the achievements of his forty years of public life. In those tirades which, during the debates on repeal the young Disraeli hurled at his sensitive head, there is a constant, if bitter, reference to his long years in office. Whether in Ireland or at the Home Office or as Prime Minister, these were long years of honourable service and Mr. Kitson Clark is rightly unwilling that we should believe that only by his action in the Corn Law crisis are we to remember the subject of this admirable short biography.

Peel's career followed the *cursus honorum* of his day and his first real job was to be the chief secretary in Ireland under the Duke of Richmond. Here he discovered his powers as a good and capable administrator and found himself resolutely opposed to

the movement for Catholic Emancipation. When Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister, Peel's performance as Home Secretary further established his claim to place and, when he continued in that office in the Duke of Wellington's ministry, he established his name more firmly by two important pieces of work, the establishment of the Metropolitan Police and, more important, the passing of Catholic Emancipation. The passing of Emancipation was the first great act inconsistent with Peel's settled views and it marked the beginning of his movement from the ultra-tory section of his party. But it was a change of face and the only satisfactory explanation is to assume that such a measure was dictated to the Duke and Peel, not because they were in their own minds converted to it, nor on party grounds, but because it was felt by them that none but they could win the assent of George IV or the approval of the House of Lords and that its passing was essential if disorder in Ireland was to be avoided.

Within the limits of the space available to him, Mr. Kitson Clark has written an impartial and attractive account of one of the more difficult figures of the nineteenth century.

The Hammond's book on Lord Shaftesbury needs no further commendation here for it was originally published in 1923. This, its fourth edition, contains, in an appendix, a recently found note by Gladstone on reading Hodder's biography of Shaftesbury.

JAMES CURRIE.

GLADSTONE TO HIS WIFE. Edited by A. TILNEY BASSET. *Methuen.* 15*s.*
TWO MR. GLADSTONES. G. T. GARRATT. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

MR. GLADSTONE projects into the twentieth century the shadow of his collars, the shape of a bag, and the last echo of those reverberating platitudes with which he stirred the heart of Midlothian.

The correspondence of Queen Victoria reveals the growing gulf between the "rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories," grown into the idol of Dissent, and the Queen, who started her reign under the wing of the Whig Lord Melbourne and became, in her old age, "the Faery" who figures in the letters which passed between Beaconsfield and the elderly objects of that statesman's affections.

Mr. Garratt divides Mr. Gladstone into "Mr. Oxford," and "Mr. Liverpool"—the names speak for themselves. Mr. Tilney Basset's book admits us, posthumously, into the rather moving intimacy of Mr. Gladstone "en pautoufles," and Catherine Gladstone, a devoted wife and a most charming, gracious woman. Gladstone was a nineteenth century phenomenon for whom

life was real, life was earnest; for whom, above all, "The Most High" constantly served as a guide and, alas, an excuse, for the adoption of policies which would have chilled the heart of that young Gladstone who electrified the Oxford Union with his denunciation of the Reform Bill.

Mr. Garratt's too evident dislike of what he dubs "Imperialism" is the *leit-motiv* of his book and he hangs upon Mr. Gladstone, like so many hats and coats upon a peg, his own dislike of the romantic Imperialism of Disraeli. When we consider the results of Mr. Gladstone's principal efforts; the enthronement of the eighty Irish members as the perpetual nightmare and obstruction of a long succession of English Parliaments; the Balkanization of the Near East, as a result of which the Ottoman Empire and the counterweight of the Habsburg Empire, have ultimately been replaced by a number of worthless states who threaten constantly to destroy the last vestiges of equilibrium in a stricken Europe—a whole lifetime of mischievous and unsettling legislation, bearing the imprint of a dual personality knit together by an overwhelming consciousness of his own moral rectitude, one can only welcome the collapse of that party which he led so long, and sigh to think it did not sooner collapse. He was an indifferent theologian, a dubious politician, a splendid orator, a kindly and devoted husband, and an object of sharp dislike to the Sovereign who lent her name to the age of which he was a typical product.

The "Grand Old Man" was an enigma and much paper and ink have gone to the solution of the puzzle. It is nevertheless impossible to resist the impression that the solution—even if it were found—is not worth finding.

DAVID WOODFORD.

WE GENERALLY SHOOT ENGLISHMEN. By R. O. G. URCH. *George Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

DIARY OF A SOVIET MARRIAGE. By PANTALEIMON ROMANOV. *Stanley Nott.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

THESE TWO books cover various phases of private life under Bolshevik rule. The first is the diary, in autobiographical form, of an Englishman's experiences in Russia during the years 1915–20. The second tells the old story of the eternal triangle as it appears in the Soviet Union to-day.

Mr. Urch has been living in and on the borders of Russia for the last thirty years, much of which has been spent as a schoolmaster and as *Times* correspondent. The final year of his sojourn in the U.S.S.R. was actually spent in prison. He was eventually

released and allowed to leave the country along with several other Englishmen who were exchanged for a number of Bolshevik leaders. His book, which has been compiled from his wife's diary and his own reminiscences, is full of action and adventure. But his style, possibly befitting that of a schoolmaster, does not grip the reader's attention (or rather it did not grip mine) as it should, considering the rich mine of material which he has at his disposal. Much of the book too is taken up with trivialities which are scarcely worth recording in print. None of the anecdotes has any particular interest, and the account of prison conditions reveals nothing new, and indeed would have been much better related by an author like Mr. Bruce Lockhart.

Mr. Pantaleimon Romanov is already known to English readers. His novel, *Three Pairs of Silk Stockings*, presents the best picture yet painted of family life in the U.S.S.R. His latest work to be translated is a brilliant psychological study of the Russian wife in contemporary conditions. It is on the text of this work that the clever and much-discussed film, *Bed and Sofa*, was based. The author examines the whole problem of love and marriage as viewed from the standpoint of the new Soviet society with its erotic freedom and hatred of all forms of humbug and hypocrisy. But, as Professor Janko Lavrin points out in his introduction, "instead of degenerating into frivolity and licence this freedom engenders in the heroine a personal sense of responsibility which is on a much higher plane than anything the old bourgeois marriage—so scathingly analysed—could offer her."

The *Diary of a Soviet Marriage* consists of a series of letters from a wife to a friend, in which the writer formulates her attitude to the opposite sex generally, and to her husband and her lover particularly. Here are two typical passages:

> "It is a curious thing—just a silly trifle perhaps, but before a man possesses a woman, before he becomes her husband, he delights in going out for long walks with her, and he will get up two hours early to meet her. But afterwards, he won't budge, and he gets cross if you ask him to go out anywhere, or even to take a bit of a walk."
>
> "This is a strange and remarkable fact: that a woman is never so intimate with any man as with her husband, and there is no one she finds it easier to lie to than to him."

The lessons of this little book are world-wide in their application. Do not let any reader doubt them on account of their place of origin. Love and life are limited by no territorial boundaries.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH. BY DORMER CRESTON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Je ne suis rien qu'une rêveuse, sans avenir et pleine d'ambition. So said Marie Bashkirtseff at the age of thirteen. But this dreamer kept a journal from the age of twelve to twenty-four, and recorded faithfully and truthfully, year by year, those vaulting ambitions, the means she adopted to achieve them, her failures, her wounded vanity and embittered pride, her longings and their disappointment. A section of the Journal was published in 1887, three years after her death, and was at once acclaimed " a book without parallel."

Miss Creston now gives us a vivid account of her life and personality; shows us Marie's origins, Marie's surroundings, the Bashkirtseff household, gives us the " situation " and, with an entertaining description of the outlook for " young ladies " in the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties, places the Journal in its frame of the time. Miss Creston quotes from the Journal and has included reproductions of her paintings, but of Marie Bashkirtseff the artist she does not give a verdict. Of the author of the Journal she asks finally: " Is Marie Bashkirtseff really worthy of the place among the famous which she has attained? "

The last chapter, excellent in comprehension, answers that question. Miss Dormer has a nice judgment; she has not been distracted by the white coach that carried Marie's coffin, nor by Marie's repeated yearnings for *la gloire*, she has seen very much further than this. She gives Marie her due to the remarkable point of being able to translate: . . . *C'est le fond. Ce doit être une jouissance. C'en serait une si mes misères avaient des spectateurs* . . . of being able to recognize in this the artist's intuitive knowledge of the importance of communication.

And to those who, after reading Miss Creston's delightful study, still find it difficult to understand Marie's claim to the bay, the answer is, read the Journal. When she was thirteen Marie wrote: . . . *Il ne pence pas à moi plus qu' à la neige de l'hiver dernier.*

E. WARINGTON SMYTH.

MITHRAIC EMBLEMS. BY ROY CAMPBELL. *Boriswood.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
TWENTY-FIVE POEMS. BY DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
PUBLIC SPEECH. BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Boriswood.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
THE AGAMEMNON OF AESCHYLUS. Translated by LOUIS MACNEICE. *Faber.* 5*s.*

EVER SINCE *The Flaming Terrapin* first gate-crashed the discreet portals of the neo-classical hegemony, its author has occupied a distinctive position in the contemporary pantheon. Following the nineteenth-century *débâcle*, poetry has been, and is still, going

through a period of self-criticisms and self-denial, not incomparable to the asceticisms of the cubist episode in painting. No poetry of worth could be written in the old way—the verbal and emotional coinage of Keats and Shelley was debased beyond possibility of resurrection. Drastic expedients (*à la* Schucht) had to be employed. Poets engaged in a series of experiments to find out how, if at all, poetry could be written. These experimental exercises were inevitably not " popular" : their appeal was *ex hypothesi* to the craftsman and the specialist, not to the reading public. And then came Campbell. A South African, he seemed less hag-ridden by the past than his English *confrères*. He could write uncritically without being vulgar or academic. He denied himself none of the embellishments of poetry—rhetoric, resounding rhythms, lush and colourful metaphors. He wrote of simple and positive emotions simply and positively, without recourse, in the " Georgian " fashion, to Nature, or to the packed, recondite, allusiveness of Pound and Eliot. In his most recent book of poems he has not departed from his earlier manner.

The eponymous poem, *Mithraic Emblems*, is a sonnet sequence, having for its central theme the seven swords or colours of the sun, and is in the author's best lyrical vein. In the section entitled " Horizon " Mr. Campbell records his poet's dislike of critics, his horseman's contempt for hikers, and some other topical hatreds in the hard-hitting style of *The Georgiad*. The remaining section, entitled " Toledo," consists of poems inspired by the civil war in Spain, whence Mr. Campbell has just returned. These poems reveal what is perhaps the most remarkable of all the characteristics of this unusual poet, namely that *he is not a Communist* !

Mr. Dylan Thomas is a very different kind of writer : vouched for by Edith Sitwell, but interesting. There is no doubt that he is highly talented and genuinely original. In general his manner is obscure with surrealist affinities.

> And in the pincers of the boiling circle
> The sea and instrument, nicked in the locks of time
> My great blood's iron single
> In the pouring town
> I, in a wind on fire, from green Adam's cradle,
> No man more magical, clawed out the crocodile.

There are included in this volume some very early poems written in a comparatively academic style, which, however, reveal already Mr. Thomas's gift of phrase and integrity of vision. It is to be hoped that his next book will further develop out of his present phase,

which does not give the impression of being one that ought to be persisted in.

Mr. Archibald MacLeish is an American highbrow. His poems do not give evidence of an integrity of vision similar to Mr. Thomas's. They are rather like a literary Christmas pudding—James Joyce and Gertrude Stein in equal proportions, stir in D. H. Lawrence and Sherwood Anderson, and add Hemingway to taste.

Mr. Louis Macneice is one of the best poets writing in English to-day. He is also a classical scholar. If, therefore, a satisfactory translation of a Greek tragedy into English verse is possible, Mr. Macneice is the man to do it. His version of the *Agamemnon of Aeschylus* (which has been put on the stage by the Group Theatre) is a deeply interesting piece of work. It can be read and enjoyed as excellent English poetry without reference to the original, and bears no resemblance whatever to the translations of Professor Murray. The rhythm of the choruses is subtle and impressive. The atmosphere of evil and inevitable retribution, of doom and fate, of savagery and grandeur, are re-created with amazing power. Nevertheless one cannot help feeling that the Greeks of the time of Aeschylus are too remote from us not only in time and place, but also in the process of social evolution, for it to be possible for us fully to enter into their ways of thought and feeling. Their world was too different from the one we live in for us by any effort of imagination to see Greek drama as they saw it. To some extent, however well translated, it must remain *Greek* to us. Mr. Macneice's translation, however, can be recommended as abundantly worth reading to anyone interested in poetry and literature.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

THE EAST WIND OF LOVE. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Rich & Cowan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
NIGHT OVER THE EAST. By ERIK MARIA RITTER VON KUHNHELT LEDDIAN. *Sheed & Ward.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE INNUMERABLE readers of Mr. Compton Mackenzie include an elect group of initiates: those who read *Sinister Street* while themselves adolescent. What a terrific experience it was! How passionately we followed the succession of quests on which Michael Fane was eternally engaged. The year between my fourteenth and fifteenth birthday was a singularly unpleasant year from almost every point of view, but it was during that year I read *Sinister Street.* One middle class romantic egomaniac was able to live on intimate terms with another. For at least a term Michael Fane seemed nearly as familiar to me as my mirror image.

Now Mr. Compton Mackenzie returns to his early loves, the loves of adolescence, intense, melancholic, frustrated. The East

Wind is perhaps too violent a metaphor. The fog of love might be better. The blue, pink and brown fog of calf, goat and goose-flesh love; an affliction whose gravity is universally underestimated—except by psycho-analysts—whose sufferers find only fugitive relief in moments of ecstasy which are over-taut with anxiety. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it is not necessary, and therefore not desirable, to compare this return with the earlier adventures. *The East Wind of Love* is the first, and very considerable part, of yet another gigantic trilogy. Judgment may therefore be suspended until at least another reel has been unwound. By the end, the chief characters are barely out of the adolescent greenhouse; their future can only be conjectured.

They are: John Ogilvie, Emil Stern and, to some extent, Edward Fitzgerald. It goes without saying that all are intensely romantic. John, on whom the spotlight is fixed, is a quixotic literary Narcissus; Emil a genius destined for revolutionary activity; Edward an Irish embryo rebel. (Several reviewers have backed Edward for an early and violent death. Let's hope Mr. Mackenzie disappoints them.) An enormous mass of detail surrounds the narrative thread of their early years at school and just after. But Mr. Compton Mackenzie has the gift of readability developed to an almost alarming extent, and his digressions, however wanton they may be from the standpoint of narrative relevancy, are never dull. John Ogilvie, our hero, son of a rather cold fish of a barrister, is something of a *jeune homme* fatal. He fascinates many of the characters in the story, including Emil and his mother, all of whom suffer in some degree as the result of being fascinated. John's relations with the Sterns, with Emil the intellectual prodigy, Julius the musical prodigy, and Miriam, their talented, charming and highly sympathetic mother, form the most interesting part of the book. Mr. Mackenzie has the one quality which is essential to the novelist who sets out to invent a character of genius, and which so many novelists who try to do this piteously lack, and that is some intelligence of his own. As a character Emil is at least tolerably convincing. As evidence of the fact that Mr. Compton Mackenzie's mind has not stagnated like the minds of so many successful novelists he is thoroughly gratifying. Judgment, as I have said, may be suspended on *The East Wind of Love*. What happens to the story, of which it only forms the opening scenes, and the characters remains to be seen. There seems to be a good chance of both developing satisfactorily. This first instalment certainly succeeds in producing an appetite for more.

The horrors which followed in the train of the Imperialist War throughout Central Europe and the Balkans form the chief subject

matter of *Night Over the East*, which is announced as an autobiography in fictional form. The author is a young Hungarian aristocrat. When the story opens he is living peacefully in Frisland, mentally and physically refitting himself after a series of shattering experiences in post-War Budapest. He dives into the cauldron of the Southern Balkans and, accompanied by a vigorous, tough Irishman, gets involved in various terrorist plots and political intrigues. His adventures are often wildly exciting. He gives a biased, one-sided, but in some respects telling account of certain phases of the frantic instability which is so characteristic of the regimes of Central Europe and the Balkans and which contributes to the impossibility of preserving the peace in Europe, the peace whose death warrant has been signed so many times all over the various peace treaties. Much of his book is strikingly vivid. His head and narrative method, however, are not as clear as one could wish. The various nationalist minority movements, Macedonian, Croatian, etc., form a subject which is rich in confusion. To get the best out of this book, therefore, a little preliminary mugging is advisable. The author's own preface is too short and written from too special an angle to be of very much help as a guide to the bloodstained labyrinth of Balkan politics.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON.

SHORTER NOTICES

THIS OTHER EDEN. By R. D. CHARQUES. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A BOOK of the foreigner-looks-at-England type. Mr. Charques' analysis, however, brings him to favourable conclusions about the English people. Occasionally his judgments seem superficial, but a great deal of what he has to say is sound. He recognizes clearly the passing of Liberalism, and thinks that it is upon traditionally English lines that Western Civilization can be saved.

SIR THOMAS CLARKSON. By EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. *George Allen & Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A BIOGRAPHY of Thomas Clarkson, which is also a history of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. The book contains a certain amount that is new and much that is of interest.

SHIPS AND WOMEN. By BILL ADAMS. *Lovat Dickson & Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A HEARTY period novel about sailing ships and sea salts.

ANIMALS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. By DAN MCCOWAN. *Lovat Dickson & Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

INFORMATIVE AND well illustrated account of the variegated animal inhabitants of the vast natural tracts of North America. Animal-lovers will find much of interest in this book.

SEVEN PILLARS OF FIRE. A SYMPOSIUM. *Herbert Jenkins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

THIS BOOK contains essays by such different types as Dr. Maud Royden, the Marquis of Tavistock, Captain Bernard Acworth and Sir Denison Ross. Like most symposia the book is uneven, but Professor Richardson and Sir Denison Ross may be specially recommended.

MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA. By MARGARET GOLDSMITH. *Arthur Barker.* 10*s.*

MISS GOLDSMITH'S book is not documented in the full historical sense. She has, however, read widely in her period and has produced a sound book on the eighteenth century Austrian Empress. The book is well within the compass of the ordinary reader, and should command considerable interest.

BARBADOS. By RAYMOND SAVAGE. *Arthur Barker.* 5*s.*

A PLEASANTLY written and well illustrated account of the most easterly of the West Indian Islands. Informative without being tiresome.

Correspondence

To the Editor, *English Review*,
11, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4.

SIR—As you observe in your current comments for January, our complaint against the Press certainly did not apply to *The English Review*, and we welcome your criticism as from men of good will.

I am therefore glad to be able to reassure you that the reports of "Fascist demonstrations in favour of the Duke of Windsor on the evening of 10th December after his abdication had been announced" were false. I did not see such reports myself, but it is not difficult to believe that the "national press" should have taken another opportunity to misrepresent Sir Oswald Mosley.

In fact, our members, who had joined in demonstrations of loyalty to King Edward while he was on the throne, ceased at the news of his abdication. On the following day, one meeting alone was held by us, and that was at Limehouse where Mosley affirmed our unreserved loyalty to the new King. No Fascist could fail to regret the departure of King Edward, and all Fascists will honour his memory and preserve the personal regard in which they have always held him; but our loyalty is to the institution of the Monarchy and is not a personal loyalty to an individual.

Yours, etc.

J. A. MACNAB,
For the British Union of Fascists
and National Socialists.

[The "Current Comments" in the January issue of *The English Review* in referring to the Fascist attitude to the constitutional crisis contained the following passage:

"Their position is made the worse by reports in the Press of Fascist demonstrations in favour of the Duke of Windsor on the evening of 10th December after his abdication had been announced. *If this be true*, it was faction indeed which will not readily be forgiven by the British people."

We are very glad to hear from Mr. Macnab that these reports were mistaken, and to give publicity to the statements contained in his letter.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—I read with interest your "Current Comments" of the January number, especially with reference to the attitude of the British Union of Fascists over the constitutional crisis. I cordially agree with the claim made by the writer for *The English Review*

of having in the past dealt fairly with the activities of the British Union.

But my main purpose in writing is to object to the charge that the attitude of the Fascists in the crisis was conceived in a merely factious spirit. Their standpoint was taken up spontaneously by many other sections of opinion in no way connected with them. It was never the desire of Fascists to prejudge the desirability of Edward VIII remaining on the throne after a morganatic marriage. They felt that the latter was being unfairly hustled into making an irrevocable decision without the public being given any chance to express an opinion.

Knowledge of what was pending was kept from the people by the British Press on the specious pretence of not stooping to the level of the American yellow press. It should have been possible to keep the people informed of the marital projects of their King with due regard to propriety and without copying the vulgar captions and headlines of American journalism. The British public had at least as much right to know what was happening to their own King as the Americans. Instead, the news was sprung on us suddenly at a time in the year when the average person is usually extra busy with his affairs and has not time to read the newspapers properly. So that the abdication seemed unpleasantly like a " coup." The Fascists had a very short time to act in their " Stand by the King " campaign and could hardly be accused of excessive zeal in the circumstances.

Sir Oswald Mosley denounced the Government's handling of the crisis as a " flagrant act of dictatorship " for their having ruled out the possibility of a compromise and a morganatic marriage. Was that mere factiousness ? Was that not a chance for Mr. Baldwin to act up to his faith in democracy and arrange for a referendum ? Not so long ago, in 1930, Mr. Baldwin suggested this very expedient to escape responsibility for imposing Food Taxes in connection with the campaign for Empire Free Trade. The proposal to submit such a decision, requiring expert knowledge, to a largely uninformed electorate was very properly dropped. But, here was a matter requiring no special knowledge of the complexities of government, in which the feeling of the average man and woman should have been taken into account. Had a direct vote of the people been taken, no matter how the voting had gone, there could have been nothing more to say. As it is, our democracy gives us no chance of expressing a direct vote of confidence in the Prime Minister such as is given to the German people at intervals. Now, it appears that we are not to be taken into consultation over keeping a king.

Once again a profound saying of that great philosopher, Edmund

Burke, has been justified: "You will laugh at the inconsistency of the democratists who, when they are off their guard, treat the people with the utmost contempt." When there are great vested interests to be challenged in the country, action is delayed on the specious plea of awaiting a more certain mandate from the people. Then only are democratic appearances kept up but in a way that makes people almost long for "dictatorship."

Yours faithfully,
W. V. WALLACE.

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[THE GRAVAMEN of the charge which we brought against the Fascists in connection with their attitude to the Constitutional Crisis was their unfamiliarity with the instinct of the British people. The issue was a clear one of duty, and the Fascists and others seemed to forget that duty may even involve sacrifice. On such an issue as this the British people is guided by its instinct, and there is no necessity for the Continental device of a plebiscite to register the verdict of that instinct. The verdict is the same as that other unregistered verdict, when so many British people combined duty with sacrifice in 1914.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—May I reply shortly to Mr. P. J. Spranklin's friendly criticism of my letter in your November issue? To counter my opinion of Germany as a disturbing factor, he gives a list of so-called "invasions" of that country by France. In the case of at least two of these he confuses *occupation of territory* (for security or punitive reasons) with *invasion*. In others, was France always the original aggressor? I would remind him of the humiliating episodes, Casablanca, Agadir, and the deposing of her prime minister at the bidding of the Kaiser. France, with her stationary, if not declining population, and Britain, until lately almost defenceless, can hardly be represented as having desires for world domination. On the other hand Germany, having torn up more than one treaty, including that of Versailles, is to-day one of the most powerfully armed nations in the world. For what purpose? If for defence, against whom? It is hard to believe that Russia would risk her armed forces outside her own boundaries unless compelled to do so by some hare-brained aggressor.

In conclusion, I was accused, in the years preceding 1914, of suffering from "German measles" and I will not deny Mr. Spranklin's soft impeachment of "neurosis" so long as Germany continues her disturbing sabre-rattling. In spite of what he truly writes about the present tendency towards collectivism, to which

I am as opposed as he is, I still believe that our individualism is not dead and that it will assert itself against Fascism or Communism should the occasion arise.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. DANIELL.
(Major.)

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To the Editor, *English Review*.

SIR—The articles which have appeared in *The English Review* recently, beginning with that of Major Dorman-Smith in the July number are, it seems to me, of very great importance to the cause of agriculture. And the current number as well as the others give one ground for hope that something vitally right may yet be done before it is too late.

But I venture to suggest that the effort to be effective must go much farther. What is needed is a vigorous campaign both intensive and extensive throughout the towns and villages of our land, for as yet one speaks to all and sundry of the dangers that lie around us and one meets with blank incomprehension. The countryside is for increasing numbers merely a picnic ground; people cannot read the countenance of the neglected fields.

In these days of rampant publicity it should be possible to create an organization whereby the existing condition of agriculture which you and other writers so ably present should be brought home to large audiences. Then perhaps the instinctive love of the land which has always been characteristic of the English people and to which the scrap of garden attached even to the "bijou residence" bears pathetic witness may be kindled afresh.

But now to my further point: by what means is this change of "heart" in man and soil to be secured? It is clear, I think, that the old art of agriculture cannot be revived. It is also becoming evident that the purely scientific devices such as mechanization, electrification, the use of chemical fertilizers and the rest are, to say the least, proving too crude in their results. What therefore is needed is an art based on science and a science which is artistic in its conception. Such an Agriculture already awaits us in what is known as the Bio-Dynamic Method of Dr. Rudolf Steiner, and which has been put to the proof since 1924. It is not yet at all widely known in this country, but there is increasing interest in many directions.

Yours truly,

M. CROSS.
The General Experimental Circle of
Anthroposophical Farmers and Gardeners.

To the Editor, *English Review.*

SIR—The article under the heading "Dispossessed" in your December issue calls attention to gross injustice which requires immediate redress. It is to be hoped that those who have any regard for the rights and liberties of the subject will join in taking appropriate steps to secure the repeal or amendment of the offending statutory provisions. At present Mr. Baldwin's administration seems anxious to demonstrate that it has nothing to learn from any foreigner in the matter of expropriating proprietors and infringing the rights and liberties of peaceful inhabitants.

I venture to question the soundness of that passage in the article which suggests that the legislation complained of has a parallel in the "Enclosure Movement." Enclosure Awards did not confiscate anyone's property. They were founded on agreements in the nature of partition agreements, whereby persons were allotted the exclusive right to a portion of the land enclosed in lieu of their former right to use the extent of the land in common with certain other persons.

The present exploits of the legislature and the dictators in Whitehall have no parallel in the legal history of this country since the day when the King's Peace was first proclaimed.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. McCREAGH.

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